Vol. CXLIII. No. 1081.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 16—August 22

First Night and Matinee days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—A well-written study of the clash of period temperaments gives Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth chances they mostly take: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.—Harcourt Williams has produced Dorothy Sayers' new-style version of the *Faust* legend; a play with something to say: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: New, 8.40. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Six new plays comprise the programme; by Shaw, S. I. Hsiung, Sir Robert Vansittart, Bridie, Alexander Knox and Misses Price and Miller: Malvern Theatre.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Barré Lyndon's thriller, with Leslie Banks as the centre of the mystery, is now at the Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse 8.30 (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—Bridie's apocryphal frolic at the Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Cartax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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MR. AND MRS. GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 124.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs. 2.30.

"Un de la Legion"

Suzy Prim and Fernandel figure in France's comedy of the Foreign Legion, which is showing at the Curzon and makes interesting comparison with America's version, "Beau Geste" (Plaza). Both are reviewed on p. 242

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales's (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—Careful production and powerful cast—Gielgud, Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies—revive this frothy Wilde: Globe, Thurs., 17th.

SITTING PRETTY.—Firth Shephard's team—Sydney Howard, Vera Pearce, Arthur Riscoe—joined by Patricia Burke, in a new Furber musical: Prince's, Fri., 18th.

CINEMAS

BEAU GESTE (American).—The old exciting Legion stuff remade with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston as the Gestes: Plaza.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner and Regal.

DARK VICTORY (American).—Bette Davis as a gay, brave little rich girl facing death with a smile and a highball: Carlton.

DRAME DE SHANGHAI (French).—Louis Jouvet in war-menaced China; a Pabst film: Academy.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Marble Arch Pavilion.

A GIRL MUST LIVE (British).—Renee Houston and Lilli Palmer and Margaret Lockwood mixed up with the peerage, in the person of Hugh Sinclair: New Gallery.

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD (American).—Claudette Colbert and Jean Stewart in another comedy-thriller: Empire.

JESSE JAMES (American).—Tyrone Power as the toughest bandit in American history: Tivoli.

LES OTAGES (French).—An exquisite film of an incident in the life of a war-immersed French village; Charpin, Larquey, Annie Vernay, and nameless artistes all immaculate: Paris.

SHIPYARD SALLY (British).—Gracie Fields comes up to town on a musical crusade, is mixed up with Sydney Howard, Morton Selten: Gaumont.

THE SPY IN BLACK (British).—Conrad Veidt, Sebastian Shaw, Valerie Hobson in some dirty work in the Orkneys: Odeon.

UN DE LA LÉGION (French).—Fernandel in a comedy of Foreign Legion life: Curzon.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Flora Robson, lead in a good version of the Brontë novel: Dominion.

BALLET

RAM GOPAL.—The Hindu dancer, with his company of dancers and musicians, gives a season of classical Indian dances: Aldwych, 8.45. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, nightly at 8:

BACH CONCERT.—Ten soloists in a big programme, including arias from cantatas, 1st Brandenburg Concerto, three other concertos, Suite No. 2 for flute and strings: to-night, 16th.

MODERN CONCERT.—Two first performances—songs by Britten (Sophie Wyss), piano concerto by Bliss (Solomon); also Ravel, Sibelius, Schumann, Smetana, Weber: Thurs., 17th.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Fidelio overture, piano concerto in C (Maurice Cole), Eroica Symphony; also Ireland, Dohnanyi, Busoni: Fri., 18th.

TCHAIKOWSKY CONCERT.—Three soloists in songs, violin concerto in D, Variations on Rococo Theme, Pathetic Symphony: Sat., 19th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Three soloists in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 21st.

HAYDN-MOZART CONCERT.—Haydn's 102nd Symphony, recit. and aria from *The Creation*, Mozart's Concertante Symphonie, Haffner Symphony, Constance's aria from *Il Seraglio*: Tues., 22nd.

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The Bystander, August 16, 1939 No. 1861. Vol. CXLIII.

The Bystander

Costa

Venice Before Wilde—John Gielgud on Holiday

Between his Elsinore *Hamlet* and his London production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which opens to-night, John Gielgud spent two weeks in Venice. He shares his holiday gondola here with two long-standing collaborators, Elizabeth Montgomery and Peggy Harris, of Motley. At the Globe to-night Mr. Gielgud will make his third appearance in the Wilde comedy. The first was in Sir Nigel Playfair's Hammersmith production in 1930. The second was in his own revival of the play for eight charity matinees in February, when he was playing in *Dear Octopus* in the evenings. Several of the cast he assembled then are playing the same parts now—notably Edith Evans, Margaret Rutherford, Jack Hawkins. Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, and George Howe are also in the astonishingly brilliant company. Settings and dresses are by Motley

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

So much attention is being paid to Danzig that the Balkans are apt to be temporarily overlooked. Troops are certainly moving in large numbers in various places. It is always possible, of course, that these may be just the ordinary summer manœuvres. But the fact remains that Slovakia is unquestionably the scene of a heavy concentration, that more Italian troops are going to Albania, and that the Yugo-Slav armies are getting ready to face these two fronts.

A continuous stream of goods is pouring by river, road, rail and air from the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia into Germany. All the Czech war material has gone already, and it is now being followed by the entire stock of grain, petrol, metals, tinned food, and many other articles. They have been confiscated, of course. There is no question of any payment. But the Sudeten Germans are dissatisfied with the leniency of Baron von Neurath, the Protector, and are likely to get him removed in the near future.

The *News Chronicle* is exchanging words with no less a person than Field-Marshal Goering himself. The Field-Marshal had given an interview in which he urged foreign newspapers to send their correspondents out among the German people. "We would readily show them everything," he said. The foreign editor of the *News Chronicle* has wired, reply-paid, to his Excellency formally applying for permission for their Berlin correspondent to visit the Sachsenhausen concentration camp. No answer has arrived up to the time of writing this.

So far, about sixty people—including women—have been executed by General Franco for the murder of a police-official at Talavera. As it is agreed by all parties that the actual murder was done by three men, it would appear that the number executed is somewhat excessive. It makes one wonder how many other people are being liquidated in different parts of Spain. And, by the way, have the Italian airmen left Majorca yet? Perhaps the Friends of National Spain could tell us?

Friends of Mr. Rex Leeper will be divided over the report that he is to succeed Sir Reginald Hoare as British Minister in Bucarest. Naturally they will be delighted at his promotion, especially to a post which is of such importance in view of Anglo-Rumanian relations. But they will also regret that Mr. Leeper's departure from the Foreign Office can only mean another step in the "Horace Wilsonification" of the F.O. Mr. Leeper was for years the mainspring of the Information Section. Now Lord Perth is, of course, the mainspring, if indeed anything so galvanic as a spring can be compared to that quiet and dignified gentleman.

The contest between "The Link" and the Home Secretary promises to be entertaining. The Link purports to be an association for the fostering of goodwill between this country and Germany. Sir Samuel Hoare has stated firmly in Parliament that it is part of official Nazi propaganda, and that a member of it has received cash from the Nazis. Admiral Sir Barry Domvile hotly denies this, and gets himself photographed amid photographs of Hitler and china dachshunds and what-not. It's the turn now of the Home Office to shoot.

Mess kit is giving the Territorials a lot of trouble. They think that if they don't wear mess kit in camp they will be admitting an inferior position to the Regular Army. But mess kit is not at all cheap, and now that we are to all intents and purposes on a war footing, it is quite unnecessary. Surely it would be a graceful act if the Regulars gave the lead and temporarily gave up their own mess kits.

The decision of Imperial Airways to close down temporarily some of its passenger services to Durban and Sydney is a severe blow to British aerial prestige. There are, of course, a number of reasons for the decision, the main one being the expansion of the R.A.F. But surely there is another way out of the difficulty. We are told every day that our production of long-distance bombers is enormous. Could not a few of them be lent to Imperial Airways for mail-carrying, thus freeing the flying-boats for passengers? And surely officialdom ought not to prevent Sir John Reith from buying aeroplanes abroad during the emergency.

The great black-out was a success—in my part of London, anyway. Punctually at 12.30 a.m. the lights, with a very few exceptions, went out, and within half an hour the exceptions had been dealt with by police and air wardens. It was interesting to see how quiet everybody was. There was no joking of the usual Cockney style of cheerfulness. The atmosphere was distinctly grim.

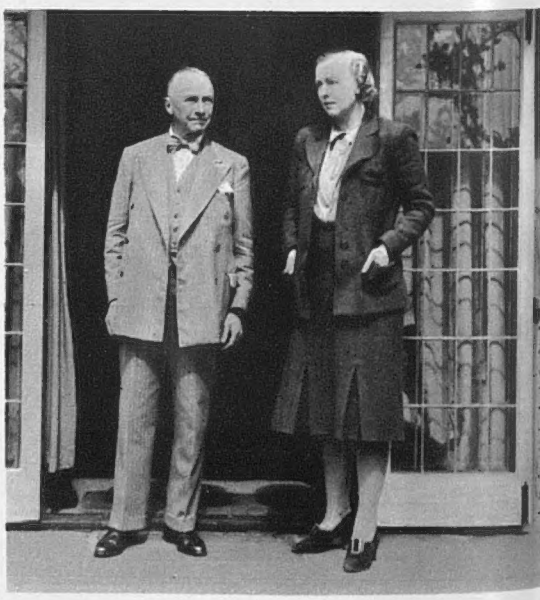
Mr. Henry Luce, American publisher and husband of the brilliant authoress of *The Women*, is naturally upset at the decision of the Federation of London Wholesale Newsagents not to sell his magazine *Time* any more. The newsagents give as their reason their fear of libel actions, for under the grotesque law of this country they can be sued for selling a paper containing a libel. The Americans, on the other hand, maintain that the reason is a political one. Certainly the last number of *Time* sold here contained a very outspoken article on Signor Mussolini's daughter, Contessa Ciano.

Seldom, if ever, has a theatrical festival opened with such universal melancholy from the critics as this year's jamboree at Malvern. In fact, I don't remember any plays getting quite such concerted groans as the first three, Mr. Bridie's, Mr. Hsiung's, and Sir Robert Vansittart's. Things brightened a little towards the end.

Cricketers in Uniform

The 11th City of London Yeomanry will be able to put up a pretty good cricket team if they want to, for in their Mess are 2nd Lieut. G. O. Allen, 2nd Lieut. E. R. T. Holmes, and Capt. H. J. Enthoven. They are seen here in camp at Stiffkey, Norfolk

A storm broke around the heads of the promoters of the Link, an Anglo-German society, after the Home Secretary's allegation in the Commons that it was a propagandist organisation. The Link's chairman, Admiral Sir Barry Domvile, R.N. (retd.), and his colleagues hotly denied this charge but admitted receiving German payments—not excessive—for the publication rights of pro-German books. Herewith Admiral Domvile and his wife, formerly a Miss van der Heydt



Sailor in Retirement

MESSRS. ROBERT HALE have published an extremely interesting book called *This is My Country*. It is by a Macedonian - Bulgarian who went to America as a boy in the pre-war days and became a completely Americanised man. He worked at first on the rebuilding of the railway to the north-west, carrying a bucket of water up and down the toiling gangs in case anyone wanted a drink, and has developed into a writer in the English language. Mr. Stoyan Christowe's book is well worth a place on the library list.

IT is always a pleasure to be able to sing the praises of a colleague. (Yes, in Fleet Street we are often sincere, though you mightn't believe it. Even Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Occasionally.) I went the other night to Mr. Herbert Farjeon's new revue at the Little Theatre, and enjoyed every moment of its wit and gaiety. Has there been anyone like Mr. Farjeon since the far-off days of Harry Grattan? If so, I can't recall him.

A FILM has been made called *The Miracle of Salt Lake*, which records a critical moment in the history of Brigham Young and the pioneer Mormons of 1846. When they arrived in Utah after their long trek through the wilderness, they sowed corn, and a plague of grasshoppers ate it all. On the point of starvation, the Mormons prayed for help, and thousands of seagulls came up from the Lake and ate the grasshoppers. It 's much more dangerous in Utah to this day to shoot a seagull than a man, and there 's a statue of a gull outside the Mormon temple. I 've seen it myself.

LEONARD MERRICK, who has just died, was an admirable novelist and story-teller who never got the full appreciation which he deserved. The public simply would not buy him, especially after Barrie, meaning well, dubbed him " the novelist's novelist." It was a fatal label, for it confirmed the public in its own critical estimate of Merrick.

THE system of scoring in the County Cricket Championship is leading to some peculiar situations. On three occasions lately counties have found that if they secured the four points for a first innings lead in a game that was obviously going to end in a draw, they would lose ground in the championship table. And so they deliberately played badly in order not to reach any decision on the first innings. And cricketers still boast about the wonderful spirit which their game inculcates. Never mind, we will get baseball in England yet. I long for the day when the Yorkshire Dodgers will meet the Middlesex Red Sox at the Lord's Stadium in the World Series. I shall be there, shouting " Kill the umpire ! "

MY visit to Aberdeenshire came to an end a few days ago in a tempest of rain. I had only one fine day, and I look back on it with distaste. For in that one burst of sunshine I was driving a car along the bed of a mountain-torrent (humorously called a " side-road " on Deeside), and one of the tyres exploded on impact with a jagged rock, and I had to change the wheel in my Sunday clothes, and I got very hot and oily and angry.

The King Inspects His Reserve Fleet in Weymouth Bay

Not to be outdone by the Royal Air Force and its " war " (see pp. 232-3), the Royal Navy claimed its share of headlines by commissioning its reserve fleet, which the King inspected in a one-day visit to Weymouth from Balmoral. 133 ships were assembled in the Bay, and H.M. inspected them all from the Enchantress, visiting about a fifth ; here he takes the salute on board the Cardiff, flagship of the Reserve Fleet destroyer flotillas. Behind the King's raised arm stands Admiral of the Fleet Darlan, chief of the French Naval Staff, a significant attendant

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

Fayer

Mr. Keir and Miss Thelma Cazalet

First woman M.P. to have a House of Commons Crypt wedding was Thelma Cazalet, when she married David Keir, Lobby correspondent, Liberal ex-candidate, son of the Rev. Thomas Keir, of Lauder. She is the daughter of the late W. M. Cazalet, and Mrs. Cazalet, of Fairlawne, Tonbridge, Kent, and 33, Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Malcolm MacDonald, M.P., was best man; Megan Lloyd George, M.P., attended the bride

Capt. Tryon and Miss Dreda Burrell

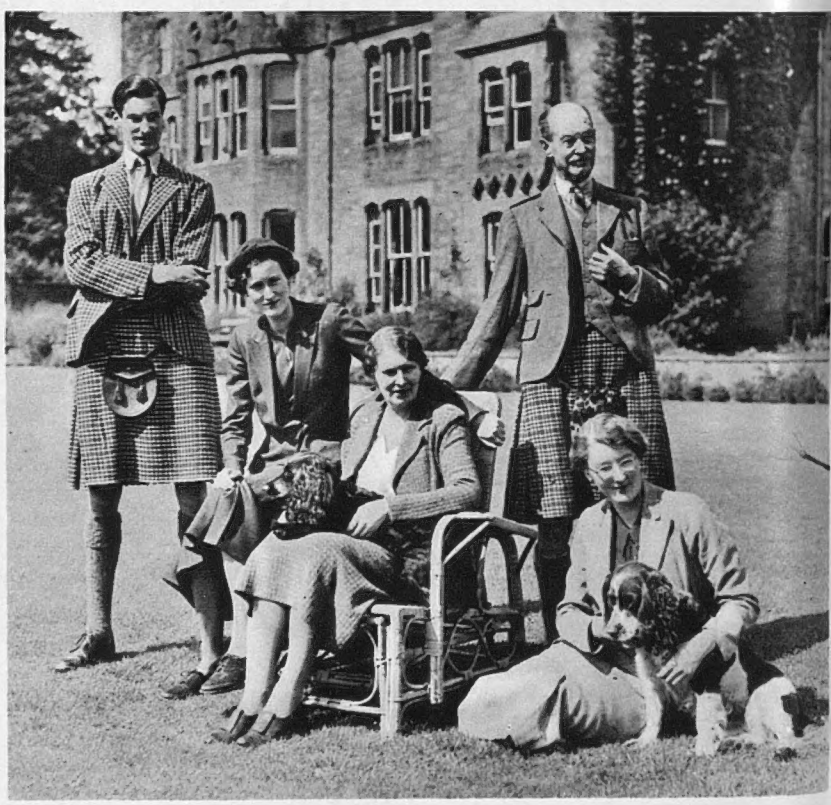
Capt. Charles G. V. Tryon, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Major George Tryon, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Tryon, of the Manor House, Great Durnford, Wilts., and 19, Eaton Square, S.W.1, and Dreda Burrell, daughter of Sir Merrik Burrell, Bt., of Floodgates, West Horsham, and Mrs. R. D. Hermon, of Necarne Castle, Irvinestown, had a quiet country wedding at St. Mary's, Shipley, a reception at Knapp Castle, home of her brother, Capt. Walter Burrell. They are honeymooning abroad and in Scotland

Mr. Lakin and the Hon. Daphne Pearson

John Lakin and Daphne Pearson were married at Chelsea Old Church, and have gone to the South of France where her brother, Lord Cowdray, and his bride also spent their honeymoon. He is the son of Harry Lakin, of Pipers Hill, Leamington, and was in the British Westchester Cup polo team which Lord Cowdray captained. She is the youngest of the five daughters of the late Viscount Cowdray, and Beryl Viscountess Cowdray

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden at Bembridge

Bembridge has had quite a covey of M.P.s and their families staying there for the early August season. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, walking along here with their Bedlington, arrived just after Cowes Week. If Mr. Eden wants to talk politics he has Mr. R. S. Hudson, Mr. Ronald Tree, Sir Derrick Gunston, Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon as fellow Members to choose from



The Master of Finavon Comes of Age

David Greenhill-Gardyne was twenty-one in May, but celebrated his coming-of-age at the beginning of this month. He is the only son of Col. and Mrs. Alan Greenhill-Gardyne, of Finavon Castle, Forfar, and Glenforsa, Isle of Mull. His two sisters, Maryel and Susan, are in this Finavon Castle group with him and his parents. Col. Greenhill-Gardyne was formerly in the Gordon Highlanders

TWO CHRISTENINGS

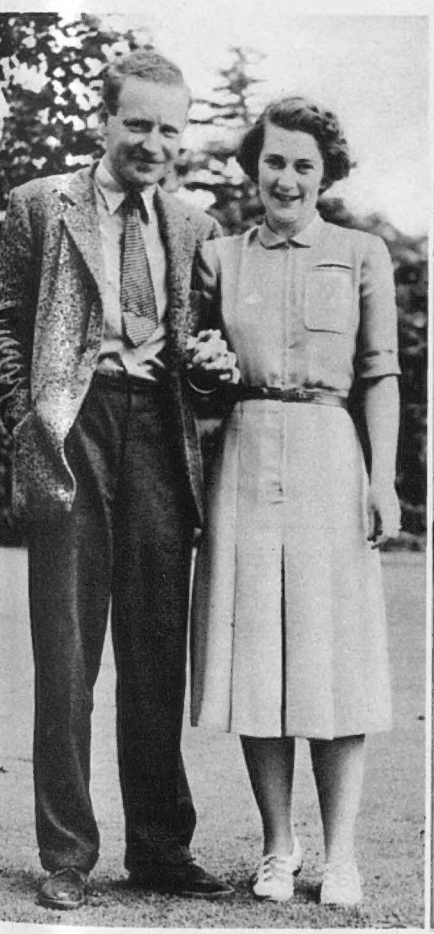
Peter Dudley de Chair

Mr. and Mrs. Somerset de Chair's second son was christened at Necton Church, from his parents' home, Necton Hall, Norfolk. In the group on the left are Mrs. H. W. Arbuthnot, the baby's grandmother; his parents; Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, whose husband was a godfather; Rodney de Chair, the baby's brother; and David Smiley. Somerset de Chair is M.P. for South West Norfolk

Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne's son was christened in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Lady Oranmore and Browne was Mrs. Philip Kindersley (formerly Oonagh Guinness) before her second marriage in 1937, has two children by her first marriage. Lord Oranmore and Browne has five children by his first wife who divorced him three years ago

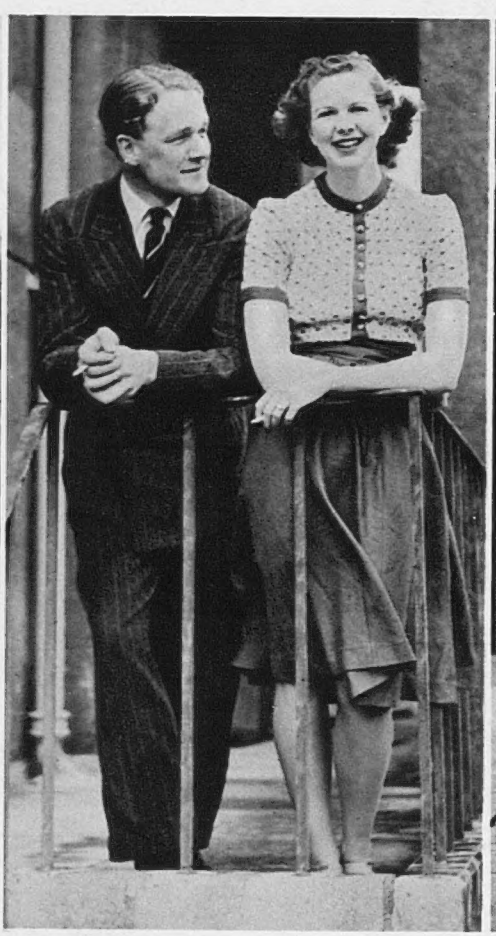
Garech Domnagh Browne

THREE ENGAGEMENTS



Mr. Coke and Miss Cadogan

Gerald Coke, son of Major the Hon. John Coke, and nephew of Lord Leicester, and Patricia Cadogan, daughter of the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Theodosia Cadogan, announced their engagement last month, and are being married at St. James's, Piccadilly, on September 19th. They were photographed staying with Sir John and Lady FitzGerald at the Warren House, Stanmore



Mr. Woodroffe and Miss Patricia Hambro

Another July engagement was that of Jack Woodroffe and Patricia Hambro, second of the five daughters of Capt. Angus Hambro, M.P. They were photographed at Capt. and Mrs. Hambro's home, Merly House, Wimborne, Dorset. Jack Woodroffe is the son of Brig.-Gen. C. R. Woodroffe, of North Wells, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and the late Mrs. Woodroffe

Mr. Joseph Palmer and Lady Anne Walpole

Lady Anne Walpole announced her engagement in June to Joseph Palmer, son of the late Joseph Palmer, and Mrs. Palmer, of Lymm, Cheshire. She is the daughter of the late Earl of Orford, and the Countess of Orford, of Rosemoor, Torrington, Devon, and Manurewa, Auckland, N.Z. Her father died in 1931 when the earldom became extinct. She is a cousin of the present Lord Walpole

War in the Air

England's sky was filled last week with more aeroplanes than it has ever known before

Thirteen hundred military aeroplanes, four A.A. divisions, ten B.B. squadrons and fifteen groups of the observer corps went into action last week in a mock aerial war. They—and we—were asked to imagine a hostile state situated "somewhere in the North Sea" (and no one had a brainstorm doing that) and to imagine that war was declared at 8 p.m. on Tuesday evening. Thereafter for three days under a low ceiling of rain clouds, the bombers repeatedly attacked and were always observed, not always intercepted. Civilians co-operated with a postponed midnight-dawn black-out which was no great hardship. Footnote to the manœuvres of the aerial armadas was Imperial's announcement that they could not get enough peace 'planes for their passengers

Eastland *was the name given to the imaginary enemy, one of whose headquarters was Beauvais (whose abbey is a landmark on the London-Paris airline). Here, under the rainy August sky, and unconcernedly straddled by three groundsmen, goes a train of four bombs on the first stage of their journey of destruction*

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, *who is air officer commanding-in-chief, Fighter Command, was in charge of the defences of Westland, the name given to the 28 home counties under attack. This fifty-seven-year-old pilot, who went into the R.F.C. in 1914 after a Winchester, Woolwich and R.A. training, is in fact the man who would direct our air defences in war*

This air raid warden *got into her overalls and tin hat and, like a wise virgin, trimmed her lamp; but like many thousand other volunteers, her Wednesday evening was rather put out by the setback by 24 hours of the great black-out. She is posed in one of Chelsea's concrete shelters*

Sleep *is a pleasure first truly appreciated by many in war-time: these pilots of a Westland interceptor fighter squadron near London indulged in it after a night of watching and waiting. Beyond them, their fully fuelled and loaded machines await them and the next alarm*

Above and below: *in the air over the sugar-beet and barley country of East Anglia flies an attacking Eastland bomber—a "Wellington" heavy—marked with the fictitious sign of the fictitious enemy. On the ground wait the paraphernalia of defence — observer corps, detectors, searchlights, spotters, predictors, and, of course, the guns. The one in the picture was in Hyde Park* →

William Strang, *forty-six-year-old diplomat with the rank of Counsellor, faced the Croydon cameras with the diffidence of the permanent, unelected official when he arrived from Moscow. Returning after Parliament rose, he was to report on two months of fruitless negotiations for a water-tight non-aggression front*

The John Roosevelts *came to London in time for Bank Holiday, landing from the Manhattan at Plymouth and arriving in town early on the Wednesday. This young man, youngest son of President Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, is showing his new wife the old world; she was Ann Clark, a Bostonian, before their marriage in June 1938*

The Robert Stevensons *were passengers on the outward-bound Normandie last week, with them their much-publicised daughter, now eighteen months old. Stevenson is making his first visit to America, will direct films for Selznick International in Hollywood; and perhaps his film-star wife, Anna Lee, will act in them*

Comings and Goings : Travelling for Business, Travelling for Pleasure

The military missions *sent by Britain and France to implement the yet-unsigned three-Power pact in Moscow sailed from Tilbury in the slow 9654-ton City of Exeter (a cruiser was considered too ostentatious). Herewith the heads of the Mission, Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald P.-E.-E.-Drax and General Doumenc*

The Jerseys *were another station-photographer's tit-bit when they parted at Waterloo, Lady Jersey (Virginia Cherrill) taking train to Southampton for America, her husband returning alone to Osterley Park*

The Stamps *went to see their youngest son Colin off for Canada by the Empress of Britain boat train. Lord Stamp, chairman of the L.M.S., was on foreign soil at the Southern's Waterloo*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"*QUAMOBREM non ascendis nos videre aliquando, ut ait Maia Occidentalis?*"—"Why don't you come up and see us sometime, as Mae West says?"—wrote the Press Gallery boys archly to Mr. Ramsbotham, First Commissioner of Works, the other day. They were complaining that M.P.s, and especially Ministers, are difficult to hear from the Gallery, and as Mr. Ramsbotham is our only modern representative of the tradition of Pitt and Peel and Gladstone, who used to hurl recurrent Greek and Latin citations at the House like snowballs, they apparently thought he might like it more or less in that form. A rather fine and lonely figure, Mr. Ramsbotham seems to us, rolling the golden music of the Latin Tongue at intervals across, and over, the heads of a House of which about a dozen members, perhaps, outside the dons, grasp what he 's getting at. Considerably more M.P.s could do so in the last century, when the standard of Parliamentary education and general civilisation was of course much higher. Even the boozy squires dozing on the back benches appreciated a good sonorous tag, whether they remembered what it meant or (more often) not; and anyhow it flattered them. Possibly Mr. Ramsbotham's audience rather like it, too.

We 're not among those who emit a cynical guffaw at the Press Gallery's complaint. The boys perform a necessary, arduous, and highly specialised task in turning Parliamentary speeches into coherent, grammatical English, and before they can do this they must have something to go upon. Otherwise we 're back in the days when reporting in the House was forbidden, and chaps like Dr. Johnson used to make up the speeches themselves for the next day's newspaper. To the end of the eighteenth century, chaps seen taking notes in the House were tapped on the shoulder, and, if they couldn't oil the official palm, summarily expelled. The result was that they had to depend chiefly on memory, and as the speeches they wrote afterwards were generally in good clear English, the public got a false idea of Parliamentary oratory which persists to this day. If you 've ever heard the authentic mumblings and ramblings, the stumblings and the jumblings, you 'll realise what a powerful weapon the Gallery boys have, if they cared to use it. They could report all speeches, for example, exactly as delivered. Wow!

Palace

LIKE all other West End clubs, the National Liberal is up against it, and has to find another £5000 a year if what one of the gossip-boys gently refers to as "the present facilities" are to continue. This means getting in at least 600 new members, and last time we were in that holy Doultonware palazzo we detected a faint apprehension in the air, as in every other club we know. The general feeling seemed to be that even the most ghastly present members (even the Living Dead with Liberal beards and turndown collars) are better than a single new face. Every summer, when half the clubs are closed for cleaning and the other half have to endure numbers of what are styled guests, to whom they are forced to extend temporary hospitality, as it is often called, all strangers—and you can ask any clubman in London—turn out to have the most appalling faces, and are obviously cads, twirps, rotters, and hoboes. Drinking sherry the other evening with a man whose club has just amalgamated with another, we found ourselves under a triple fire of ugly looks. Excessively as the members of the original club disliked their new brethren, and vice versa, they were evidently united in loathing of people brought in by anybody. As we left, we could see them mentally counting the ashtrays and the matchboxes. (If it had been that club which the bishops go to, their Lordships would have been counting their gaiter-buttons.) No wonder, we thought, retiring to our own club, which seemed to be crawling with unknown criminal and homicidal types, so many chaps nowadays are finding a refuge from the amenities of club life in the Home.

However, one thing the N.L.C. can look forward to, when its 600 new members swarm in, upsetting everybody, is giving them a nasty surprise by showing them the Liberals in it. One of the smaller boot-cupboards, a member tells us, may be adapted for this purpose. New members will peep through a glass panel at a bob a go.

Peep-Bo

EMERGING for a moment from the depths, like some shy sea-monster thrown up by a submarine 'quake, the British Academy held its annual meeting recently, elected a number of new Fellows, gave away a couple of medals, and plunged once more into obscurity. We don't know if you share our curiosity about this elusive body with the proud name? We gather it differs from its opposite number the Académie Française in many ways. On ceremonial occasions its members don't wear green laurel-plastered uniform with breeches and little mother-of-pearl-hilted swords, to begin with; whereby they escape much criticism. Until almost yesterday, when his old buddy, M. Charles Maurras, was received into the Académie, kindly M. Léon Daudet was in the habit of comparing the Immortal Forty, blinking nervously in the sunshine on some festal occasion, to a group of chimpanzees, especially drawing attention to their unfortunate legs, which apparently are 99 per cent. bowed, emaciated or gnarled. No doubt M. Daudet has now discovered that the Immortals are each a cross between Socrates and the Apollo Belvedere. Another ordeal the British Academy boys are spared, apparently, is the panegyric which each new member of the Académie Française has to deliver on the life and works of his immediate predecessor in the seat. Quite often it turns out that his immediate predecessor did practically nothing notable except to wangle his admission—see Alphonse Daudet's masterpiece, *L'Immortel*, for the lowdown on this—and consequently many of the new boys' speeches are models of their kind.

Houpla

NOT even in the Spacious Days of Great Elizabeth did Merry England so swarm with spies and narks as at the moment. Foreign spies and home spies. Police spies and factory spies and Milk

Farewell to Summer

Board and Potato and Pig and Egg Board spies. Agents-provocateurs busily luring Soho night-clubs to the can. Spies compiling information for enormous Scotland Yard dossiers (in which, whether you know it or not, you probably figure yourself); spies keeping tabs on other spies, spies employed by politicians to watch other politicians' spies watching somebody else's. The only difference between the present and the Elizabethan régime seems to be a difference in torture, which is mostly mental nowadays, barring a bit of Third Degree. Which Government is jumpier is a nice point. Elizabeth's had the jitters so badly that even honest citizens proclaiming themselves the Messiah, as so often happens in England, were hurled straightway in the can, racked, and hanged. Modern methods are a trifle more subtle, as a recent Milk Board case shows. With Chinese cunning, the Milk Board dictators ignored for three whole years the monthly reports of a farmer who was infringing their sacred laws and admitted it. Then they suddenly pounced and fined him £70. As for the Potato Board, who punish farmers for growing too many potatoes, at the same time employing the Potato Girls to fascinate the populace into potato-mindedness, we shouldn't wonder if their agents in disguise were found in every hedge. And as for the snowstorm of imperious official forms which buries every farmer up to the neck, we wonder it doesn't drive the entire hayseed population mad. Perhaps it does.

Testimonial

DIPPING into Mr. Derek Hudson's agreeable newly-published biography of the poet Praed (1802-1839), we came upon a letter from Lord Macaulay, then at Cambridge, to his father, which contained the phrase: "*The manners of almost all my acquaintances are so utterly alien from coarseness, and their morals from libertinism, that I feel assured that no objection can exist to their writings.*". This seemed to us to apply with singular freshness and accuracy not only to such BYSTANDER colleagues as Mr. George Campbell and, to some extent, Mr. A. G. Macdonell, but to practically all the Fleet Street boys, whose efforts Mr. George Malcolm Thomson reviewed the other day in Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, broad-mindedly awarding the highest praise of all, we noticed, to Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, "of all newspapers the most buoyant, vigorous, lively, and aggressive." Of late certain prominent citizens have turned slightly sour towards the Fleet Street boys in general, denouncing them for intrusion, impertinence, faking the news, and scaremongering. ... Important personages have even hinted at some sort of Press control, an odious thing to think of in a country with a free and enlightened Press which knows no dictators, barring the advertisers. But few can hope to avoid censure in a world like ours.

What chiefly aroused our shuddering alarm in Mr. Thomson's review of the Press was his allegation that Auntie *Times* is self-righteous and self-centred, and that the imposing old trot (from the perusal of whose pages we derive such daily benefit) thinks, "or pretends to think," she is one of the great powers of Europe. If you don't know the punishment for saying that, we 'll tell you. The *Times* Obituary Department will take Mr. Thomson's obituary notice, already set up in type, cut it from two columns to five lines, and delete practically all reference to his being a noble and public-spirited character, a benefactor to the State, and the joy of his friends, loved and esteemed by all.

Feathers

THE Grenadier Guards' ceremonial tunics now cost £10 19s. 6d. apiece, it appears from a recent case in which a bandsman sued a Westminster cleaning firm, who had to pay him £8 10s. and costs for spoiling one for which, he said, he paid £10 in 1935. We derive vague pleasure from the knowledge that the opulent white-piped scarlet encrusted with gold in which we dress the Guards is so expensive. Two hundred years ago men of quality paid that much (representing about £30 or £40 in eighteenth-century currency, we judge) for a coat themselves, and very pleasing to the eye Pall Mall and St. James's and the Park must have been on a cold summer day. Even men of letters and such riffraff often wore gay and expensive coats, if you remember the bloom-coloured one for which Goldsmith still owed his tailor, Mr. Filby, of Water Lane, at his death. Only soldiers wear gorgeous clothes nowadays, also cocked hats with whacking great heron plumes streaming in the wind, a direct heritage from Hector. And even soldiers aren't so magnificent as they once were, caracoling into battle in damascened breastplates and Mechlin lace, and beautiful helmets, and long, glossy, carefully barbered curls; in which dainty gear they fought bloody hand-to-hand combats with cold ugly blades. We should respect them more than we do, especially honouring the great Pizarro, who scorned to doff his iron armour under the hellish sun of Mexico. What a man! We can't think of anybody we admire more at the moment except Annie Laurie, the girl who could make Scotsmen die of love.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I've got those noises in my head again"

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Oh, don't yer know what that is? That's cavalry chargin'"

Women in Uniform

No. 9. Transport Services

The F.A.N.Y.'s and the M.T.T.C.

Commandant *is Miss Baxter Ellis, here with Lady Hailsham, Company Commander, Headquarters, and also treasurer of the Corps. Miss Baxter Ellis was with the F.A.N.Y.'s all through the last war, and her personality, enthusiasm and efficiency have contributed much to their high tradition. She is also Chief Commandant of the Motor Driver Companies (Army), A.T.S.*

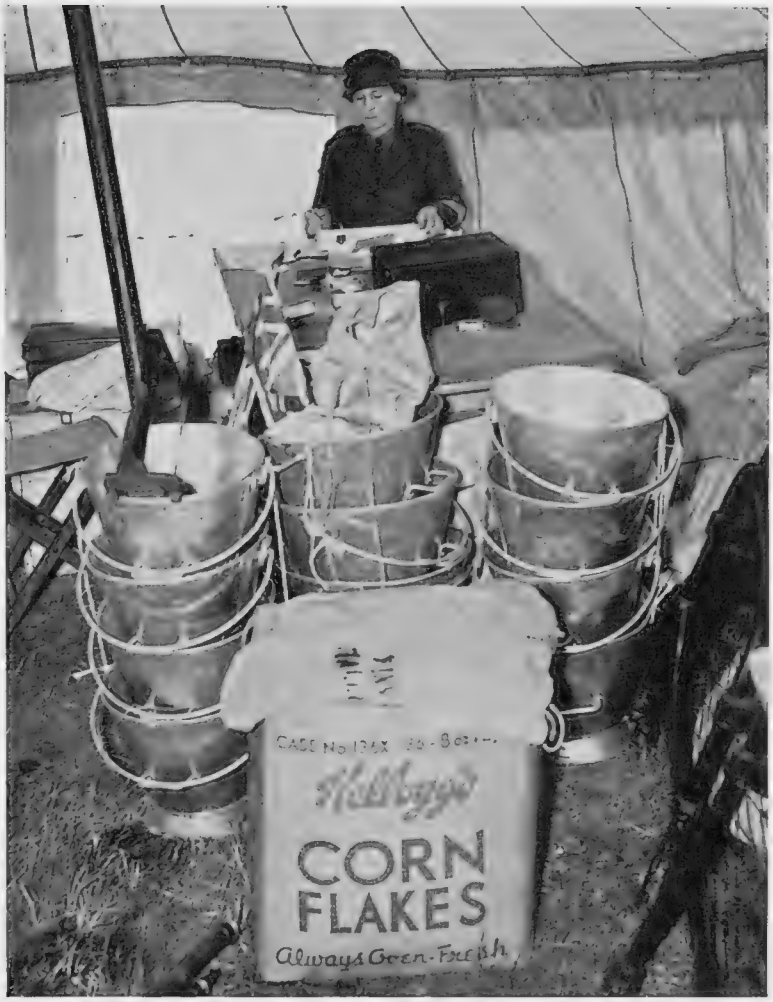
Lorry drivers *in the F.A.N.Y.'s have to pass the Army driving and mechanics' test. Company Commander Mrs. Ulick-Verney (right) was instructing Volunteers M. Hickson, J. Dowse, Finnemor, G. Ashton and J. Moir in lorry technique, and temperament, the lorry being heavy to steer, stubborn to start, and very unpleasant to back*

Map reading *is naturally essential in a transport corps' training, and lectures on it are part of the F.A.N.Y. routine. In camp practical outdoor classes and demonstrations are given, as this one at Mytchett, taken by Company-Assistant B. Sheldon*

Cleaning ground sheets *after a heavy storm were Volunteers Lassetter and Royds. The F.A.N.Y.'s do not specialise in cooking, storekeeping and clerical work, like the A.T.S., but they do all their own organisation in camp and the varied work, pleasant and unpleasant, that is part of tent-life*

***Second in Command** is Miss Kingston Walker who is also Senior Commandant of the London Motor Driver Company (Army), A.T.S.*

***Assistant Section Leader** M. Lloyd Ward is the equivalent of Assistant Q.M.S.—hence her work among the blankets. She was working with Miss Gourlay (see right)*



***Section Leader Q** is the F.A.N.Y. equivalent of the Quarter-Master-Sergeant. Holding this onerous position at Mytchett was a well-known golfer, Miss Molly Gourlay, who, from her "office" among the buckets, dealt rapidly and efficiently with all store problems*

The Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.'s)

The First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, founded in 1909, was a mounted nursing service whose picturesque uniform (topees, inherited from South African War nursing, and voluminous riding habits) was on show at a display at Mytchett Camp last month ("Bystander," July 26th). Early in the war they were mechanised and their uniform was modernised, and by January, 1916, they were running the first motor ambulance convoy staffed entirely by women. After the war they continued training and recruiting without ceasing, the only women's organisation under the War Office to do so, and every year they have held their camp near Aldershot. In 1937 they changed their name to its present form. (Pictures of their camp appeared in the "Bystander," August 4th, 1937.) In September, 1938, they were incorporated with the A.T.S., whose uniform is based on that of the F.A.N.Y.'s. But they still run their own organisation under their Commandant, Miss Baxter Ellis, with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone as their president. They are now well over a thousand strong

***Gas drill** is obligatory for the F.A.N.Y.'s. In the group decontaminating gas masks, are Volunteers Pinders, Parsons, Norcock, Fielding and Assistant Section Leader Lowrie. Note the dungarees, worn for all rough and dirty work. Another obligatory course is first aid; home nursing is optional, but recommended*

(Concluded on page 240)

Women in Uniform: No. 9. (Cont.)

The Mechanised Transport Training Corps

The Mechanised Transport Training Corps, a small but keen and highly specialised organisation, was formed from the London Division of the Women's Legion by Mrs. G. M. Cook. In war-time it would assist the transport section of the Women's Voluntary Services. The uniform is similar to the F.A.N.Y.'s, but the belt is leather, and the badge, with the motto "Pro Patria," was designed by an artist member. The Corps is entirely voluntary, many members have their own cars, though this is not essential, many are already highly skilled drivers and mechanics, some hold the R.A.C. instructors' certificate. As in most women's organisations, members enlist either to serve in their own districts, or on active service anywhere. Both sections go through a thorough training in every subject that could possibly be needed by war-time drivers. Night-driving is particularly emphasised and, for this, the Corps is fortunate in having the co-operation of the Women's Automobile and Sports Association, and the use, weekly, of Croydon Autodrome, with its hair-raising bends, 1-in-2 and 1-in-4 gradients, synthetic shell-holes

The Auxiliary Fire Service also do their night-driving at Croydon Autodrome, lent by its owner, Mr. Fawdry, and not at Croydon Aerodrome, as owing to a typographical error, we stated last week. (Women in Uniform, No. 8, pp. 174-5)

Night-driving *is the clou of M.T.T.C. training, and the weekly lesson is taken at Croydon Autodrome, preceded by a parade. The founder and head of the Corps, Mrs. G. M. Cook, O.B.E., is on the right, the officer facing her is Miss Waite, Director of Training. At first drivers find it impossible to go faster than about 11 m.p.h. at night, but after a couple of lessons they can usually do 20 m.p.h.*

Map reading *by torchlight is part of the night-driving course. Students here are Volunteers Stuart (Mrs.), Kewley, Napier, Garrett and Ripper (Mrs.). Instruction is also given in field signalling and telephony*

Hand signals *have to be learnt carefully as part of the convoy-driving course. Miss Waite was demonstrating on a driver, Mrs. Solman, the well-known rifle shot. In the class were Volunteers Cooke, Robins, Kewley, Roose, Evans, Ripper—the last a dancer by profession*

Air-raid precautions *include avoiding bomb holes and bomb victims. Here Volunteer B. Cooke bravely gives her colleagues some tricky practice by lying in the road, on a corner at the top of a hill*

First aid *and stretcher drill must also be learnt, as in air raids the M.T.T.C. would help in A.R.P. transport work. Volunteers Osborne, Leeds, Napier and Robins were carefully lifting casualty Cooke into the car*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Local Boy

By V. S. Pritchett

After being the butt and discomfort of the Victorian novelists, the self-made man has served a long term as the hero of contemporary fiction. Wells and Bennett gave him his earliest approbation. They admired the gusto if they winked at the immorality of his earnings. Later, some of the north-country novelists have asked us to weep a tear for his overdraft and the meeting of his creditors. I don't see why we should, but the chronic novel-reader likes a pig-headed and brutal hero on what are no doubt sound masochistic grounds. Meanwhile, the self-made man is marking time. Is he becoming exhausted as a subject? No subject is exhausted; outside the American satirists, no one has done much for that softening of the brain, that tendency to vulgar mysticism which is so often the sunset of the old fighting Temeraires of the mills, the mines and hire-purchase. English novelists, awestruck by success, have forborne from swarming down like flies upon what, to one or two French writers, has been an irresistible corruption.

Mr. J. L. Hodson's *Jonathan North* (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the usual Lancashire local boy making good. We are asked to admire—or at least, tolerate—the swagger, shrewdness and vitality which drives Jonathan from early feats of cheating in the lozenge-selling business, through dubious agencies, dirty work on the council, sharp work in the theatre and newspapers, to a state of wealth and power. There he boasts and swaggers in his loud checks, a brilliant boor with a gaudy laugh and a slapping wit, successful in everything, not in the least hurt to be told there is something phoney about him; and offering relief to the reader only in the failure of his first grotesque love-affair, and his marriage to a hard-headed lady who turns out to have a heart of gold and a body subject to innumerable dietary ailments.

This is good average entertainment, competently done, and Mr. Hodson is one of those energetic writers whose gusto has to be put against a determined passion for the obvious. There is no subtlety about him. He is realistic about things, but not about life. The early childhood of Jonathan is very amusing, and the vernacular throughout, except in the love-scenes, is racy and good. (Question: in seducing a lady, does one say, "Need we deprive ourselves?" Answer: "No deprivation, I assure you.")

It is a fault of this book that it has no devil. There is no fly in Jonathan North's ointment and one distinct flaw in Mr. Hodson's version of his character; he is a gambler and yet he never crashes, for his first love-affair can hardly be called a crash. It affected merely his vanity, but what was important to him was his pocket. I gather Mr. Hodson was so taken up with the idea of showing that this buccaneer had a strong if dormant sense of social responsibility, in the good old British way of muddling through—i.e., muddling through the other fellow's money—that he forgot this aspect. Yet some of the best crashes have come in Lancashire: clogs to clogs in three generations.

Leo Walmsley

"Love in the Sun," Leo Walmsley's new novel (reviewed by Mr. Pritchett last week), is the Book Society August choice. It is set in Cornwall, where the author and his wife lived, for some time, in an old Army hut by a creek, with furniture made out of washed-up planks. He is by birth a Yorkshireman, from Robin Hood's Bay, where other novels of his have been set

This is a big week for masochists. The persecuted hero of Miss Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' *Golden Apples* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the real thing. He has been wrongly accused of enacting the story of Phèdre in Hampshire where he had known the best of everything. This included rabbit-shooting, and he was packed off to a so-called estate in Florida. The estate turned out to be a jungle swamp and its "place" a wooden shack, illegally occupied by a couple of poor whites, brother and sister, and upon them the embittered, snobbish and indifferent young man discharges new hope and new disaster. I was tempted to write this book off as pure *Rebecca*. There are many of the familiar ingredients of the best-selling mixture. False accusation, suggested rape, lyrical seduction, self-pity, a full-length flagellation scene, very important—Tornell, the young man is publicly flogged for seducing the poor white's sister—and we go on to one of those whip-cracking Southern women with lips like the hibiscus, who carry mint juleps in their hip flasks. She is apparently living with The Cad—the real bad-tempered kind. I need scarcely conclude by saying he is trampled to death by one of his stallions and that the poor white girl dies in childbirth, releasing Tornell at last from his unwanted marriage, making him realise that there is "something beyond love"—and enabling him at last to be called on by the nearest foxhounds. Well, it is not quite as bad as that. Luke and Allie, the two poor whites are very well drawn and justly related to the scene. Beside the repellent Tornell with his sufferings and his decorous and nasty herring-bone gentlemanliness, they are tragic figures. Their suffering is stark. The sufferings of Tornell, The Cad, the benign doctor, are just glamour beside them. One feels a suspicion of snobbery about it: I suffer more interestingly because I'm a gentleman. I think Miss Rawlings overdoes the orange groves, the new life bursting into bud as new life will in fiction; but, this apart, she does the Florida scene admirably and indeed succeeds so well with her feeling for the place that it bounces one into acceptance of the lurid tale, and the doubts don't come in till afterwards.

Miss Elizabeth Bowen's introduction to *No One to Blame*, an autobiography by H. M. Taylor (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is more expert than the book which follows; it is a document, marked by the dullness of documents, but it is a most unusual one. It is the story of an ordinary woman, born of poor parents, and who has suffered bad health and failure in one thing and another all her lifetime. The interest of the book is that it is the work of an entirely unvocal type and one who has tried to understand her experience. Such an attempt is very rare in autobiographies, which are usually novels gone hopelessly, garrulously to seed. Mrs. Taylor touches reservedly on the outward events of her life. A tubercular father, half-time in the mills, deafness, bronchial injuries, a religious period in which she joined the Methodist missions — some notes on Mission snobbery here — bouts of spiritualism, socialism, and finally psycho-analysis, that is an outline. It is the story of the struggle against spiritual as well as material poverty; and the grim determinism of psycho-analysis, like a new doctrine of original sin, has provided her with her stimulus. She is one of those who believe that you do add a cubit to your stature by taking thought. One is struck by such a concern for character, free from the congenital uplift of our times; and both the self-portrait and the argument of the book leave an impression of unsparing integrity. You read a book like this and feel that the novelists are not writing about real English life at all.

Novels recommended:
Learn to Love First. By Amabel Williams Ellis (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*).
The Stricklands. By Edwin Lanham (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

Films of the Day

Two Favourites: Gracie—and the Legion

By George Campbell

THERE are few entertainers I admire so much as Gracie Fields; fewer still, of equal eminence, whose films I so cordially detest. It has always seemed to me a dismal proof of the British public's stupidity and tastelessness that it should encourage producers to go on wasting rare gifts and unmistakable sincerity on material of such remarkable silliness. There is a place in entertainment for fantasy. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, a proof of what can be achieved when art marries commerce, has been one of the great money-makers of all time. Miss Fields' films, with one exception, have all been a crude and uneasy mixture of fairy-tale, slapstick and earthiness; and the dialogue has lacked wit as conspicuously as the story has lacked sincerity.

Perhaps her producers have realised this. Anyway, I am happy to be able to record that her new film, *Shipyard Sally*, shows a change of heart. Basically the heroine is still Cinderella, but no story is the worse for that. The main thing is that for once the thing makes sense. There is truth in this tale of unemployed shipbuilders on the Clyde, as there was truth in the tale of unemployed musicians in 100 *Men and a Girl*; and just as the sight and sound of the hungry hundred all playing for their lives brought tears to a million eyes, so Miss Fields' effort to bring back work to the Clyde has an emotional impact lacking in her other pictures.

Because of this sincerity, and comparative freedom from what golfers call pressing, *Shipyard Sally* is also more amusing. Miss Fields' impersonation of a young man in a London club owes much of its humour to a borrowed gag, but nevertheless is extraordinarily funny. Sydney Howard, another favourite whose work ordinarily leaves me depressed, contributes a fine bravura portrait of the heroine's rascally father, with a heart of gold beneath a florid waistcoat, and a spare ace up his sleeve. Morton Selten—sad that that fruity voice is for ever silenced—gives a charming performance as a politician, and Oliver Wakefield plays a Wodehouse character with resolute asininity. Monty Banks has directed very skilfully indeed.

I WENT to *Un de la Légion* with lively anticipations of another *Rosier de Madame Husson*; but, alas! though Fernandel is there, Maupassant's material is not. *Un de la Légion* is a rather commonplace little tale by J. D. Newsom, known for his blood-and-sand short stories of the Foreign Legion. A sharp, avaricious Frenchwoman goes to Marseilles to claim an inheritance. She leaves her dim little husband (Fernandel) outside the lawyer's office, with strict injunctions not to touch alcohol. He is inveigled into drinking with a crook who has enlisted in the Legion; the crook takes his money and exchanges papers, and the little man is packed off to Africa, wailing to his superiors about mistaken identity.

Incidentally, the officers of the Legion are represented, for a change, as patient and benign, watching over their flocks with the most touching loving-kindness. The legionnaires, too, are such good fellows, and the blonde cabaret owner at Sidi-bel-Abbes (Suzy Prim) is so agreeably unlike his wife, and it is so very gratifying to be decorated for gallantry, that for the first time in his life the victim of fate is really happy.

At this point, who should turn up but his wife. He is caught, but need I say that the henpecking is all over? A disappointing film, for all its sly and effective touches of characterisation, ends with the hero swaggering into a bar while his wife waits dutifully outside.

WITH *Beau Geste* we are back in the Foreign Legion we know. Here are those gallant young Englishmen, the Gestes, seeking oblivion, and scoundrelly foreigners thieving, and everybody planning mutiny and escape from the brutal sergeant. The silent version, directed by Herbert Brenon in 1926, lifted Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Noah Beery and William Powell another rung or two up the ladder of fame, and was a sensational success.

The new version is studded even more glitteringly with stars—Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Brian Donlevy, and so on; and it may enjoy the same success. But I doubt it. The story that moved so thrillingly thirteen years ago creaks in every joint to-day. A very little of the Geste children and their mimic battles goes a long way with most of us; the device by which all three brothers are got into the Foreign Legion will hardly bear inspection; and the psychology of the Gestes, with the "Viking funeral" and all that, is surely a trifle juvenile for players as seasoned as Messrs. Cooper, Milland and Preston. The one person who comes through the picture with an enhanced reputation is Brian Donlevy. The part of the sergeant, in which Noah Beery made a hit, is possibly actor-proof; but Mr. Donlevy brings to it a power that transcends mere sadism and achieves the dignity of art.

THE best of the other new pictures are *Blind Alley* and *Tarzan Finds a Son*. *Blind Alley* is a gangster melodrama worth seeing for a new twist—the breaking-down of the killer's ruthless impulse to kill by psycho-analysis. *Tarzan Finds a Son* gives us Johnny Weismuller and Maureen O'Sullivan again, living a comfortably domesticated life in the tree-tops with a small boy who swings by his foot from vines, laughs gaily at charging crocodiles, and runs dead-heats with a lion. Full of the ingenious absurdities that brought fame to the original, *Tarzan Finds a Son* is directed and photographed with a technical brilliance that puts many a more pretentious film to shame.

"Shipyard Sally"

"Beau Geste"

So now Gary Cooper has succeeded Ronald Colman as "Beau" Geste, and Ray Milland and Robert Preston have come in as his brothers, and the film is talking instead of silent, and William Welland directed. But no one seems to like very much Hollywood's new version of the P. C. Wren Foreign Legion story. The film went to the Plaza ten days back

Gracie Fields, now convalescing in Capri, has in her new film (reviewed on this page) deserted Lancashire for Clydeside. She also wears men's clothes slickly. With her on the left is Oliver Wakefield, who heads, with Sydney Howard, the supporting cast. Monty Banks directed. At the Gaumont

Malvern's Winter Garden *is the centre of social life in the spa, containing the theatre where the festival plays are given, a cinema, ballroom, café, and so on. Herewith the terrace. Nestling in the trees on the left is the County Hotel*

The "Bystander" visits the

Malvern Festival

Photographs by Tunbridge

Malvern's streets, *for eleven months those of a small provincial town, become important and well-trafficked in festival time. Most are hilly like this one*

Malvern's impresario *is Roy Limbert, now in sole charge of the drama festival. He and Sir Barry Jackson founded it in 1928, worked for ten years as joint directors; this year Limbert launched alone a successful appeal for a guarantee fund of £1000 to continue the work. On the left he poses in his study, wearing his Bedford School blazer and smoking his inevitable pipe; he strongly fancies nick-nacks, gew-gaws, souvenir photographs, as you can see*

Turn over *for two more pages of Malvern pictures*

The Malvern Festival

(continued)

As the broadening Severn Valley runs through Worcestershire—Lord Baldwin's "one delectable corner of England"—there rises on its western edge a line of hills that cuts off the river from a view of its Welsh homeland. On the north-western foot of these hills lies the modest spa of Great Malvern, commonly known as Malvern (there are nine Malverns in the world, only one Great Malvern), and here, on August Bank Holiday, started the eleventh Malvern drama festival. A financial guarantee had been raised, six new plays by important authors had been gathered, the weather was not good but not bad, and the people—socialites, intelligentsia, drama-lovers and ordinary holiday-makers—rolled up. Here are some pictures of the show

"In Good King Charles's Golden Days" *was the most important play at Malvern because it was by Bernard Shaw, old and enthusiastic supporter of the festival; it was given last Saturday. Here Mr. Debenham takes official photographs of Ernest Thesiger as Charles, Irene Vanbrugh as Catherine of Braganza, while the "Bystander" takes an unofficial one*

Authors *of the fifth play last week, "Big Ben," are Ruby Miller and Evadne Price (below). Their piece is a family history through several generations*

Yvonne Arnaud and Cecil Trouncer *sat together at the first-night party at the County Hotel. They play respectively niece and uncle in "What Say They?" and the Duchess of Portsmouth and Isaac Newton in "Good King Charles"*

Producer *of all six new plays at Malvern was H. K. Ayliff, seen on the left between his wife and Phyllis Shand, a festival actress. Ayliff's task was plainly too great and some productions' lack of polish drew disapproval*

Actress and author *admiring Malvern's hydrangeas at the first-night party were (right) Helena Pickard (Lady Hardwicke), who played, with her son, in Hsiung's "Professor from Peking"; and O. H. Mavor, whose pen-name is James Bridie*

Alastair Sim, *seen here with his wife at the first-night party at the County Hotel, takes two parts in the festival—one in Knox's "Old Master," the other in the festival's first production, Bridie's "What Say They?"*

The rehearsal picture *above shows the last directorial conference before the opening, in the dress circle of the Winter Garden Theatre at Malvern. The men, left to right, are Limbert, Stanley Preston (manager), E. Rayson Cousens (actor), J. W. Debenham (photographer); the women are Eileen Beldon, Daphne Heard (actresses), Mrs. Ayliff, Isabel Thornton (actress), Mrs. Debenham*

Socialites *at the first night were Lady Snowden and Lady Beauchamp; the latter lives locally at Madresfield Court*

Ruby Miller *fell down some steps and hurt her ankle, but she carried on and duly took her lead in "Big Ben" last Friday. Meanwhile every extraneous effort was spared her (right) by the others*

The Trio below *are Rear-Admiral and Mrs. B. Thesiger with the former's actor-brother Ernest (on ground), He is fully occupied at Malvern, acting three plays—"Big Ben," "Old Master," the name part in "Good King Charles"*

Growing, Growing, Grown!

Some Young Socialites and Their Childish Selves

Photographs by Swaebe

Miss Patience Brand

Less changed than most is "Boo" Brand, red-haired, freckled and friendly as a child in shirt and shorts, as a very young, immensely popular debutante. She is the daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand, half-sister of Mrs. William Fiske (formerly Countess of Warwick), is startlingly like Simone Simon

The Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard

Yesterday she played in the Park or in the Yorkshire garden of Carlton Towers; to-day she is a slim, dark, twenty-year-old girl with the responsibilities of an eldest sister. She is the third of the eight children of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, who all have M names: Miles, Michael, Mariegold, Martin, Miriam, Miranda Mary, Mirabel Magdalene, Mark

Lady Kathleen Eliot

Another debutante whose innocent past confronts her present here is a country girl from Wiltshire. At thirteen she sat on a gate at her mother's farmhouse at Sherston, looking a born tom-boy in her brief tweed skirt, mannish little coat, bare knees. At eighteen, in the same setting, she has become a young woman of exceptional character and charm whose first London season has added dozens to her circle of good friends. She is the younger daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans, and Lady Blanche Douglas. Her sister, Lady Rosemary Eliot, is engaged to Edward Nutting

Miss Beatrice and M

Will their friends believe they looked like that 'twenties, when Beatrice Grosvenor was a chubby five-year-old. Now they are a good-looking pair are often with another pair of sisters. Lady Like most Grosvenors, they are passionately Lord Edward Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of W

Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower

At thirteen a round-faced girl, wearing jodhpurs; at eighteen a debutante with large brown eyes, retroussé nose, charming smile, heir to an earldom and a barony. Elizabeth Leveson-Gower's father, Capt. Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, died the year she was born, her mother in 1931. She has been brought out this season by her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, who gave a wonderful ball for her at Sutton Place

Lady Honor Vaughan

Here is a transformation—from a simple, demure twelve-year-old, bobbed and fringed, to a lustrous dark beauty of twenty. Lady Honor Vaughan deftly passed her awkward age in time to be a composed soignée debutante of 1937—Coronation year. But she had the standard set for her by her elder sister, now Lady Gloria Fisher, the help of her magnificent-looking mother, the Countess of Lisburne

iss Rosemary Grosvenor

But it's a long, long time ago, in the roaring child of eight, her sister Rosemary an even chubbier of ex-debutantes who go about together a lot, and Anne and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck. interested in horses. Their father was the late minster; their mother is now Lady Dorothy Charteris

Lady Iris Mountbatten

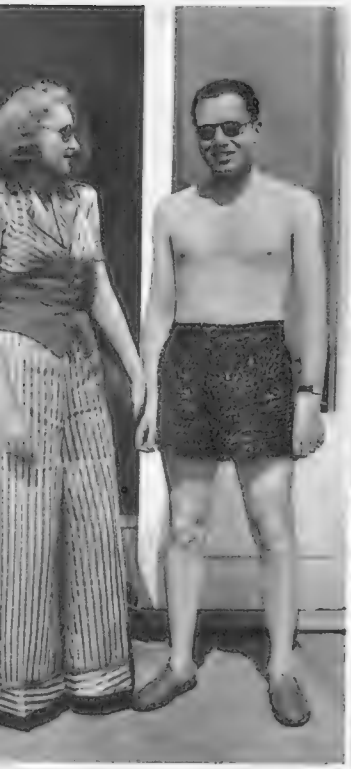
Lastly, a Londoner, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, grand-daughter of Princess Beatrice, niece of the Queen of Spain, who lives with her parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, at Kensington Palace. Nineteen this year she is an elegant, sophisticated version of her younger, simpler self, with ideas of her own, an active interest in the stage (she has been a production and stage design student at the London Theatre Studio), a liking for ballet, music, pictures

First sight *of Eden Roc made Mrs. Peter Thursby thoughtful. She and her husband had just arrived that morning, and she celebrated by putting on pale pink shorts. She was Poppy Baring, daughter of Sir Godfrey Baring, of Nubia House, Cowes*

Lunch visitor *was Molly Sullivan, who was staying at Cannes with her family, went over to the Roc to bathe and sunbathe, in a flowered blue-and-white two-piece. In the evening she went over to Monte Carlo in a big party for the Sporting Club gala*

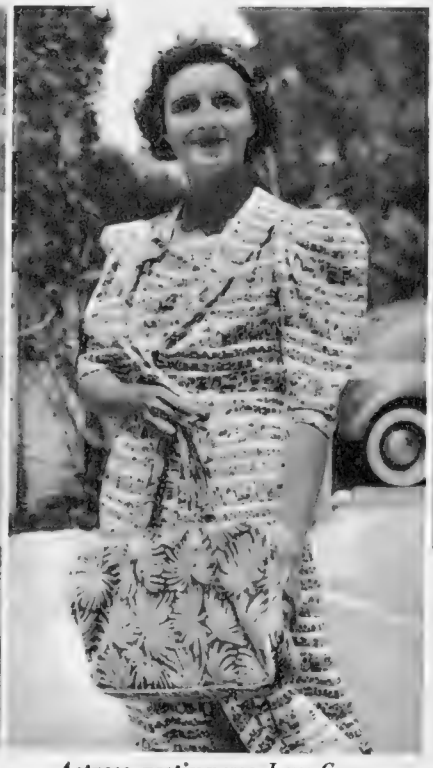
Between visits *to Deauville and Biarritz, Mme. Michel Dassonville (Florrie Owen that was) and her husband stayed at Latitude 43, St. Topez's super-luxury hotel. They spent much of their Riviera time motor-boating, for which Mme. Dassonville wears a striped jacket over her striped play-suit, an old-fashioned peasant handkerchief on her head*

Riviera Sun Season



Brother and sister *who have known the Riviera since they were children are Ursula and Edward Gibbons. They motored to Eden Roc via Le Touquet. Ursula Gibbons' bright yellow and green striped corselet-waisted pyjamas are unusual*

Oiling *after bathing was Chloe Buxton, who came from Pettygards, Swaffham, in Norfolk, the Buxton county, with her mother to the Cap d'Antibes hotel. She is a cousin of Lady Kildare*



Actress resting *was Joyce Carey, after the "Spring Meeting" revival, and before going into Noel Coward's new "Playlets." She gets more like her mother, Lilian Braithwaite, in every photograph*

Peruvian Parisian *Mme. Jean Chaudoir was another day habitant of the Roc who came over from Cannes. She is staying with Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, who has taken a villa there. For bathing she wears a mustard-yellow suit. She was Elena de la Fuenti, daughter of the Peruvian Minister in Paris*

Problem picture *of the day is the play-suit of Gwen Marlowe — is it Harlem? In any case, its wearer is tall and slim and pretty enough to distract all her acquaintances from the solution, pretty enough to come high on the Riviera's list of 1939 decorations*

Brown as a berry *is Pansy Grace beside Mrs. Bill Bracken's golden tan. The unspeakable English summer has put new urgency and abandon into Riviera sun-worshipping this year. Escapists from the north try desperately to pack a summer's warmth into a brief week or two*

A twilight picture *of Lorna Harmsworth was taken after she'd bathed at Eden Roc, before she set out for Cannes. She was at Monte Carlo for the boxing tournament, sat in the royal box in Prince Rainier of Monaco's party*

A cheque for 3000 *seats was paid by Sir John MacTaggart (right) to Lord Queensberry, promoter of the great Monte Carlo boxing tournament in the new Stadium. Sir John then gave the seats to General Gérodias for distribution to French soldiers as his guests, so that they could see the French and British Army heavy-weight championships fight. This big seat-deal was done at Sir John MacTaggart's Monte Carlo villa, La Vigie*

The trio *on the right are Ellen Lehman, niece of the Governor of New York State, Charles Perry, who acts with the Liverpool Repertory Company, and the Hon. David St. Clair-Erskine. The last-named is Lord Rosslyn's younger son by his first wife, and therefore youthful uncle—he is twenty-two—of Patience ("Boo") Brand* *(see p. 247)*

Bird's-eye view *of a corner of Eden Roc shows the sunbathers at work—and work it is, to keep the tan even, the shoulders unblistered, the skin oiled, the eyes shaded, the mattress uninhabited during bathing, and in general to support gracefully the midday sun's tremendous rays*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, Kt., R.A.

This new portrait shows you the fifty-nine-year-old Roman Catholic architect who has charge of the greatest cathedral now building in the world. Fifteen years ago the designs of Giles Gilbert Scott were accepted by the Liverpool Cathedral committee. To-day, the central portion—under-tower, western transept, Rankin and Welsfond porches—nears completion. Scott is fully qualified to direct this noble project, for he has specialised in church architecture: restorations to Chester Cathedral (visible from the Vestry Tower at Liverpool), additions at Downside and Ampleforth Abbeys, a new chapel for Charterhouse School, were all Scott's; and he has built many new churches. He has also left his mark on higher education, having designed at Cambridge the new library and Clare's new buildings, and at Oxford the new buildings and chapel at L.M.H., as well as supervising the additions to Magdalen College. The latter University rewarded him with a D.C.L. (hon. causa). To descend to the commercial, two of the most-seen Scott works are Battersea Power Station and the new Guinness Brewery on Western Avenue. He was elected A.R.A. in 1918, R.A. in 1922, knighted in 1924. He is married, has two sons, works in Gray's Inn and lives in Clarendon Place

Gardener's Chronicle

Some Choice Shrubs

By R. C. Jenkinson

THE quantity and variety of shrubs which have been sent home during the last twenty-five years or so is bewildering; but one fact at least stands out: that ubiquitous phrase, "It is no use my trying to garden, my soil won't grow anything," must once and for all be laid on the shelf of Victorian folly. There is no locality that is not now catered for, and the would-be enthusiast need only select suitable species, and *arrange* and *plant* them properly, to have an attractive collection of shrubs.

Careful planting means thorough breaking-up of the ground, ensuring sufficient drainage, and choosing the right position: i.e., shady or sunny, dry or moist, etc.; and these are points which cannot be too carefully attended to at the original time of planting. Some shrubs dislike being moved, and to blame the plant because it is doing badly, has to be moved, and does not recover for a few years, if at all, is unfair.

Arrangement is a matter of personal taste and experience; but anyone can go either to Kew or Wisley, or to many of the great private gardens, which are so generously opened to the public, to see how different shrubs are grouped, and thereby get inspiration for his own garden. The proper juxtaposition of plants is of the utmost importance, both in giving form to the general effect of a border, and in displaying to the best advantage individual specimens.

The shrubs which follow in this article are all known personally to the writer, and are selected to cover as many phases of gardening as possible; but it must be remembered that modernity is not the only qualification; the beauties of fifty years ago are still beauties of to-day. Who would be without Berberis Darwinii?

PEOPLE who cannot grow rhododendrons or other ericaceous plants seem to grumble most about the lack of variety, so this article shall cater for them. Berberis and cotoneaster will literally grow almost anywhere, and give a host of good things; they may be said to be the basis of any autumn garden.

Berberis dictyophylla is a Chinaman, with silvery stems and leaves, pale-yellow flowers, and pink berries covered with glaucous bloom; in autumn the leaves turn salmon or orange.

Berberis linearifolia, a new-comer from the Andes, is a close cousin to Darwinii, with narrow, dark-green, glossy leaves, and warm apricot-orange flowers, scarlet in bud in spring; a first-class shrub of probably 10 ft.

Berberis Vernæ is most attractive as a flowering shrub; the foliage is soft, light-green, and with it come the conspicuous yellow racemes.

Berberis virescens, while it turns a fine autumn colour, is also valuable for its stems, which remain bright cinnamon all winter.

Then there are polyantha, aggregata, Wilsonæ and their cousins, whose branches are weighed down every autumn by the wealth of berries, carmine, orange or crimson. They intermarry with the utmost freedom, and all the resulting seedlings are good.

Blanche Henrey

***Romneya Coulteri,** the "California Poppy," displays its large, golden-tassled white flowers during late summer*

COTONEASTER LACTEA is one of the best of its large family; it has white flowers, followed by red fruits which mature late, and last right through the winter: a biggish plant, 10 ft. by more in diameter. C. divaricata is charming, spangled with little apple-blossom-pink flowers in May; in autumn, vermilion, pink and scarlet and orange foliage: slender, arching habit.

C. bullata is a robust, rampant grower, with dark-green corrugated leaves and rather large bunches of glossy, crimson fruit; avoid its near relation, moupinense, with dull black fruit!

Henryana and its slender ally, salicifolia, are two first-class evergreens with dark-green lanceolate leaves, borne on long, arching branches which are heavy with bright sealing-wax berries. For clothing dry banks they are invaluable.

Lastly, Wardii, semi-evergreen, whose fruits and falling leaves turn orange: this is a very good introduction.

ACERS are not, strictly speaking, shrubs, but a few must come in. Circinatum, from North America; ginnala and griseum, from China; and the best forms of Japanese maples are indispensable, growing equally well with or without lime, and giving magnificent autumn colour. Griseum, in addition, has a beautiful tawny-mahogany peeling bark, wherefore its lower branches should be pruned off to show a clear stem for 8 or 10 feet, while some of the Japanese, notably japonicum laciniatum are most attractive with their bunches of maroon, yellow-anthered flowers.

Caryopteris tanguticus is one of Farrer's best introductions. Growing 3 ft. high, it has greyish-green leaves, and now—August—is covered by pin-cushion heads of lavender flowers. It is perfectly hardy, prefers a dry position, and only wants a light pruning in April to cut out some of the dead shoots.

The latter remarks apply to another dwarf shrub—Ceratostigma Willmottiana—with clear, bright-blue flowers, half an inch across, borne in great profusion. It is not quite so hardy, and likes a sunny, sheltered position; it is most attractive at this moment, covering the legs of Phygelius capensis, a plant with orange-vermilion tubular flowers through which is twining Mandevilla suaveolens, with velvety white streptocarpus-like flowers, deliciously scented. This little group is against a south wall, and in front of them are some of Comber's new coloured Olearias from Tasmania, O. stellulata.

THE last two shrubs for your notice this week are Stewartia malachodendron and Romneya Coulteri. The first, from Virginia, is a deciduous bush of 12 ft. or more. It requires a deep loamy or peaty soil, hates draught, and loves the sun. Its flowers come in July, white cups with a purple centre.

Romneya, July-August flowering, is hardly a shrub, dying back each year, to a woody rootstock, from which each summer the 6-ft. shoots spring. It has lovely glaucous foliage, and great satiny snow-white poppy flowers, with a bunch of golden stamens. It revels in the sun, and is best in a well-drained, fairly light soil.

Blanche Henrey

***Stewartia Malachodendron** is a beautiful N. American shrub, flowering in July. The white flowers have purple centres, and the foliage colours richly in autumn*

The ski-shop *hires and sells equipment, while the clothing fashion follows obvious Tyrolean lines; but anything from bathing-dress to lounge-suit goes. In the door, making a face, is Mrs. Richard Palmer Smart, one of the States' wealthiest socialites*

The girls *usually find full-blown ski-trousers too hot in California's sun, and roll them up after a few runs. The sitters are Jane Larkin and Natalie Draper, two of the crowd of young socialites and would-bes that mix up with the studio worlds*

The stars *come too, and Gary Cooper got caught for autographs on the opening night. Note Swiss-style painted shutters and German Gothic lettering, to give mountain atmosphere*

Summer Ski-ing in California

First it was snow, then bent grass, now—pine needles

First of all there was the snow, and then there was man trying to think of an efficient way of getting across it. So came ski-ing, and ski-ing has now become such a sport that the reverse of the first conditions is in force: man tries to think of an efficient substitute for snow to ski on when there 's none. We 've already shown you summer ski-ing on bent grasses and sand-dunes; now comes from Hollywood, the paradise of novelty promoters, the idea of ski-ing on pine-needles. From Californian forests sacks of this slippery chaff are brought in and scattered on a Hollywood slope. Both novices and experts declare it good going

Over the bridge *to the ski-slope in San Fernando valley, fifteen minutes out of Hollywood, go the ski-ers to their fun*

A ski-lift *is one of the necessities for ski-ing as a pleasure, for modern ski-ers are too spoilt to gain altitude at their own expense. Ski-trousers over bathing-suit is a popular combination at the San Fernando slope*

A newcomer *to the marketable fruits of nature is the pine-needle; three thousand sackfuls are needed for the twelve-hundred-foot slope at Hollywood*

Up at the top *an eight-some settles down to a sunbathe, and rest, before a run down on the pine-needles*

Ski-er 1939: *snow or special clothes don't concern him*

Book that Tour by Air

By Charles Ward

Personalities on the air route to America. Captain A. S. Wilcockson (left), manager of Imperial Airways' Atlantic Division, who made the pioneer flights last year, talking to Captain Kelly Rogers, who was in command of the first regular air mail journey

Travel Made Easy

It isn't every place that 's approachable by air, but, generally speaking, one can fly to all capital cities and to most of the fashionable pleasure haunts, whether they be noted for casinos, racecourses, or just bathing belles. Tours range from trips round the world, recently organised by Cook's and costing a few hundred pounds, to a Sunday return from Cardiff to Weston-super-Mare, costing a few shillings. The latter, by the way, is the world's most frequent air line, with dozens of departures every day. Its popularity on Sunday is due in part to the prohibition law which operates in South Wales on that day. The Air France service to Cannes is comfortably full every day, whilst Deauville by Olley's, and Le Touquet in 45 minutes by any of three air lines have become normal methods of getting there. A friend of mine who had to travel to Aberdeen overnight was grumbling because he 'd heard that the Atlantic was crossed regularly in about the same time as he spent in his sleeper. The answer is that there 's a demand for rapid trans-Atlantic travel, whereas no one will pay to organise or to support a 2½-hour service in all weathers and at convenient times to Aberdeen. I consoled him with the thought that he could go to Egypt any day by air-liner and get there in 30 hours. It wasn't quite to the point, but he made a note of it and promised himself a change of scene—ten days holiday with a week of guaranteed sunshine.

Long Distance

"Caribou," first British liner to fly the Atlantic on a regular schedule, was 150 minutes late arriving in New York, and the dailies made a note of it. Much is expected on this route, which is certain to become the most important in the world. Prestige is at stake, and we must admit that the Americans are leading by a few lengths. It would be a good thing if the Germans could get well in the running this season, for commercial rivalry in the air has been, with few exceptions, conducted according to the best traditions of sportsmanship. There is a cameraderie of the air, and if anyone doubted it, a flying visit to Frankfort at the end of last month would have been illuminating. The German Aero Club was at home, and the majority of aircraft from fourteen countries were British. There were the inevitable arguments about the last war—who started it, who won it and how—also why have another one—but the spirit of the Rally was excellent and proverbial German hospitality ensured that a good time was enjoyed by all. But to return to long-distance flights, the Atlantic gets the front page, but the line to New Zealand, longest in the Empire, is about to be opened. The Tasman Sea is 1300 miles wide or long. Whichever way you look, it 's a nasty stretch of water, notorious for ill humour, which should mean much profit to the ten-hour air route in future. "Awarua," one of the flying-boats intended for the Tasman route, put up a British record on Sunday, July 30th. Piloted by Captain Frank Bailey, who is Imperial's senior boat skipper, it left Basra on the Persian Gulf at 1 a.m. on the previous day, anchored that night at Rome, left at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and reached Southampton in time for tea. A matter of 3500 miles in 39 hours, including stops for fuel, mail, and an eleven-hour halt for supper and sleep in the Italian capital.

Charles E. Brown

A fine close-up picture of refuelling in the air, taken over Southampton Docks. This method of topping-up the tanks to full capacity, enables the aircraft to take off with a much heavier load of passengers and cargo

Air Racing

The annual controversy about the race for the King's Cup is in striking contrast to the contest for the Cup itself. The former always leads to heated debate, whilst the race is conducted most amicably by all concerned. If the object of the race is to improve the breed, then this year's entries are disappointing, being numerically weak and technically out of date. The event is being held at Elmdon, municipal airport for Birmingham, on Saturday, September 2nd. It is on a handicap basis and limited to British entries, pilots and passengers. Captain Edgar Percival will fly the "Mew Gull" entered by Lady Wakefield; Geoffrey de Havilland, Jnr., pilots Lord Wakefield's "T.K.2"; L. H. T. Cliff is flying a Miles "Hawk" with the colours of Cecilia Colledge, the skating champion. The race for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy, limited to aircraft of 150 horse-power or less, takes place at the same aerodrome on the same day. Flight-Lieut. Staniland, racing motorist and chief test pilot for Fairey's, will have a comparatively slow day flying his own entry, a "Tipsy." Lord Wakefield has put up £1500 in prize money for the two events. This year no, but maybe sometime we 'll have another scratch event, open to all comers, that will revive interest in air racing.

From the Tarmac

"How We Fly," told by experts and published by the Guild of Air Pilots, is selling well at 7s. 6d. The book having been written and produced entirely free of cost, the Benevolent Fund should benefit considerably. As a survey of British aviation to-day, the book brings one up to date by a series of easily-read chapters, each contributed by an acknowledged authority on the particular subject.

Sunday Racing

Captain Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe and Mrs. David Walker-Heneage were two of the English invasion of Deauville that followed Cowes week. They were watching the Sunday racing, she all in white—turban, jacket and full peasant skirt

Cupids in Gold

Mme. César Chamay (formerly Sally Ann Hughes of Kentucky) had big gold, cherub-stamped buttons on her long blue coat. She and her husband have a house at Senlis, two small boys, and they own some racehorses

On the Tribune

An English trio watching the racing from the Tribune were Mr. Jack Clayton, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood. A week earlier, the Duchess of Norfolk and her husband were hostess and host at Arundel Castle for the wedding of the Duke's sister, now Lady Rachel Davidson, who is honeymooning on the Riviera

Deauville Week-end: Horses and Yachts

Debutante Ashore

Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill went over to Deauville on Lord and Lady Kemsley's Princess. They had a big party for the holiday week-end, which coincided with the opening of Deauville's yachting season

Hungarian Peeress

The new Lady Newborough is Hungarian born, and has made quite a sensation on the Deauville plage in her scarlet peasant dress, and beautifully embroidered jacket and apron

Gangway for the Dufferins

Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava started their holiday in Lord and Lady Camrose's party on Sona, which crossed the Channel after Cowes Week. The Deauville harbours were both solid with English boats

"Bystander" Short Story

The Man Who Risked Everything

By Maurice Moiseiwitsch

Illustration by Eric Fraser

THE young man, Clifford Martyn, entered through the glass doors of the smart offices of the Cosmic Film Productions, and took his place beside two other people in the waiting-room.

"Mr. Wisemeyer won't keep you a minute," said the lovely and efficient receptionist. And, although Clifford Martyn was neither a star artist nor a pig-iron "prince" who promised Wisemeyer colossal backing for Cosmic, he was almost immediately shown into the private office of the production chief.

Neither seemed willing for the moment to discuss the business between them. Instead they chatted about the European war barometer and enquired after mutual acquaintances.

"Will you have a cigar, Clifford?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wisemeyer."

"Miss Christian!"

"Yes, Mr. Wisemeyer?"

"Would you please show Mr. Martyn our list and prices for to-day?"

"Yes, Mr. Wisemeyer."

She handed Clifford the top document which lay on her desk. He fingered the satiny quality of the paper and involuntarily admired the neat, beautifully set-out typing. He read:

AGENDA FOR THE MONTH.

STUNTS AND PRICES.

To:

1. Riding in car 60 m.p.h., skidding round corner and landing in ditch right side up	£100
2. Ditto—landing wrong side up..	£200
3. Delayed drop from aeroplane on roofs, from 4000 feet	£250
4. Delayed drop from aeroplane, on express train, travelling 40 m.p.h.	£500
5. Power-dive to ground at speed calculated to tear off wings from plane	£750
6. 1000 ft. crash in plane, to burst into flames	£1000

Clifford asked if he could avail himself of a light, as his cigar had gone out. Fervently and very quickly Mr. Wisemeyer offered him a light, protesting that the last supper, or the last smoke should be done in style.

Clifford leaned back and above his head and shoulders there gathered a calm and aromatic cloud.

"I think . . . number five, Mr. Wisemeyer."

"Number five," reiterated Mr. Wisemeyer. "Certainly, my boy."

Clifford would have willingly taken the one thousand pound quotation, but he was quite sure that Miss Christian, who was a rather intellectual person, suspected that he was suffering from a psychological illness and wanted to show off.

With considerable ostentation, and waving his white flaccid hand, Mr. Wisemeyer personally conducted him to the set. The director shook hands. Mr. Wisemeyer offered his white flaccid hand, too. This was the most trying moment of the event. Clifford didn't mind power-diving to the ground at nearly five hundred miles per hour, with the air sounding like a sustained organ note, but he was repelled by the mutual exchange of perspiration which inevitably preceded such events.

"Is this the machine?"

"Yea."

Clifford looked at the blue metal of the one-seater monoplane.

"Ready boys?"

"Yea."

"Ready, Mr. Martyn?"

"Yes, I'm ready," said Clifford.

He tested the controls, playing with them with the sensitive and carefree virtuosity of a fiddler. He listened, absorbed with the note of the engine for a few seconds. "Yes, ready," he repeated.

"Shoot!"

Clifford's plane, followed by six others in close formation like chorus girls, each of the latter carrying one of Cosmic's intrepid camera-men, ran lightly along the ground and took off.

Clifford watched the altimeter—five, seven, ten thousand feet. The sun sparkled on the wings of the plane. The orchestra, which set off his music as a soloist, began to break up. Four planes rose with him. One went straight on to shoot him on his downward descent, and another at right angles, for a long shoot with a panorama. Eleven, fourteen, fifteen thousand feet above the clouds. Three planes only.

He looked at his watch, a small exquisitely delicate piece of mechanism, its infinitesimal pulse drowned but not stilled by the roar of the motors. He looked at it (it was not a present from his mother) and noted the time—five-and-twenty to five. The taxi-driver was waiting outside the studio, his clock ticking up pennies. He had slipped a note into the man's hand and told him not to wait longer than one hour and a-half. At five o'clock he would either be on his way to the Carlton Restaurant or the driver would keep the change.

Eighteen, nineteen, twenty thousand feet. Two planes only now behind him. One drew ahead of him, and, before dropping like a stone, hovered a moment to give the camera-men a brilliant shot of a plane roaring head-on into the camera face.

Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five thousand feet. He was alone! There was only the silent sky and still silvery clouds like wreaths of silk. More solitary than a cloud, and the sound of the engine, which had been friendly before, now seemed impersonal.

With a somewhat forlorn gesture, he unstrapped his watch and put it in his breast pocket. Perhaps, if or when . . . all would be still in death, that tiny pulse might still beat triumphantly in the vast silence. . . . But now his hand seized the control strongly and, with a firm forward movement, he directed the plane steeply towards the ground. With his other hand he turned on the engine gradually to full speed. The mighty earth sucked him downwards and the tremendous speed of the machine hurled him. The wind became a siren. The clouds writhed around him. The speedometer registered 370 and was moving inexorably onwards to 400. Between 420 and 450 would be the crucial moment. He loosed his shoulders and touched the small secure packet of the parachute, like the wings of a bat folded in sleep. He passed the body of another plane as though it were standing still, giving the camera-men a fraction of a second to imprint the imperishable shot on the eye of the lens.

Coldly he told himself that it would not call for any more difficult act than overtaking a car in heavy traffic. How many thousand times had he driven in the streets below, when the wrong touch of a steering wheel would mean destruction? Here was no greater danger. It was only a different environment. It would not be difficult at the right second to rise, steady himself, and leap.

Four hundred and twenty miles per hour; 430, 440. The wind was screaming in the struts, a rising scream that made his blood slowly freeze. It fascinated him. It held him hypnotised. The plane was like a bullet. The earth was toppling towards him, a mountain of destruction grasping towards him, towards him . . . a mountain of vastness travelling at the speed of a bullet. He was paralysed. He clasped his hands to his ears. He must wait, wait chained to the plane until it burst into pieces about him.

Only ten seconds to go. Like a man unconscious being counted out backwards: ten seconds, nine seconds, eight, seven, six. . . . The teeth of the wind growled in the wings and tore them to shreds. The engine shivered—shivered again and coughed—groaned—groaned protestingly and cracked up.

He rose frantically and dived. Three cameras cranked away. As he pulled the rip-cord he heard the sonorous thunder and shrill smash as the plane became a twisted cage of steel with tongues of flame and plumes of smoke.

Before Clifford had alighted to the ground he had collected his thoughts. . . .

"Well, well, well! Did you ever!" The American accent of the director sounded in high astonishment. "And he's lighting a cigarette as he sails down! Well, well, well!"

Half an hour later Clifford strolled up to his taxi. "Good afternoon." He nodded to his driver.

"Good afternoon," said the driver briskly.

"Good afternoon," repeated Clifford murmuring to himself, and sniffing the air. "Drive me to the Clarges Hotel," he said suddenly, briskly.

When he arrived at the sombre, dignified street, he noted with deep pleasure the quiet

(*Concluded on page* ii)

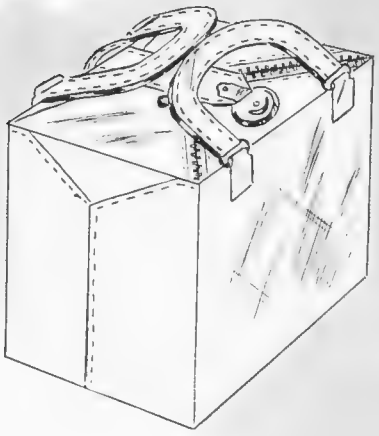
Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

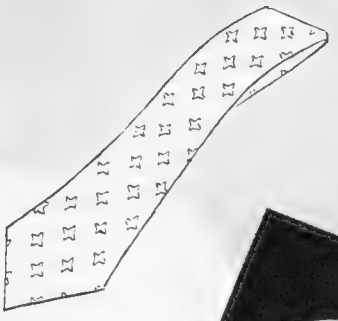
FOR the beginning (at least) of your September cruise you will need a light-weight wool frock; the kind that can, as it were, take the rough with the smooth and stand up to more careless treatment than you usually accord your clothes. Such a one is this; in grey jersey, trimly shirt-waisted, with a skirt cut in umbrella-gores—the sort of skirt that never gets out of shape. This is an autumn cruise suggestion from Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge. You can choose the frock in navy, which would look commendably workmanlike on deck, or a lovely lavender-blue. It costs £5 5s. On the arm of the deck-chair, a pure camel-hair coat—for she is not yet out of English waters. This coat is the softest, most comforting thing you can imagine, with a most interestingly-cut sectional back. It also has roomy raglan armholes to enable it to be worn over any number of jerseys and jackets. The price is 8½ guineas. For when you really find the sun there are charming play-clothes. You must see the printed crêpe two-piece playsuit. There 's a shorts dress, as cheerful and inconsequential as you could wish; but there's also an elegant pleated skirt, which will transform you—in just the time it takes to do up the buttons—into the kind of woman that gives English clothes a good reputation abroad. All this sartorial pantomime will cost you £5 5s.

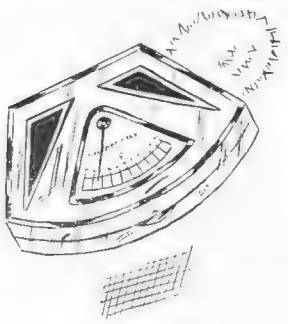
The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta pictured by joan



Jaunty, chunky, and exceedingly smart is Revelation's pigskin travel bag, made in a box shape. There is room in it for all the incidentals of the journey, and it closes with two slide fasteners and a lock and key for 70s. (170, Piccadilly)

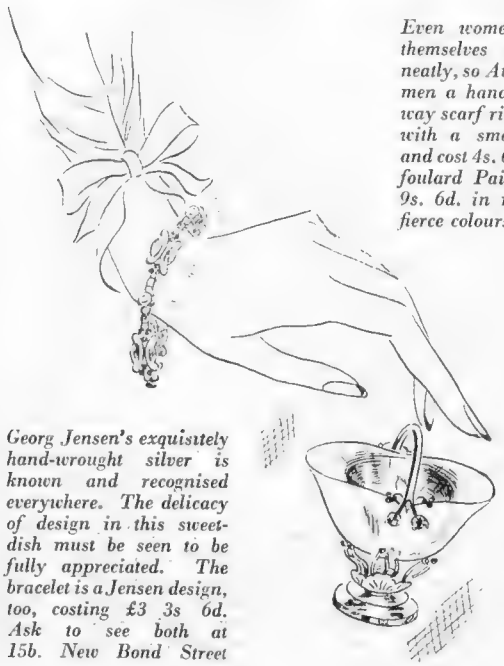




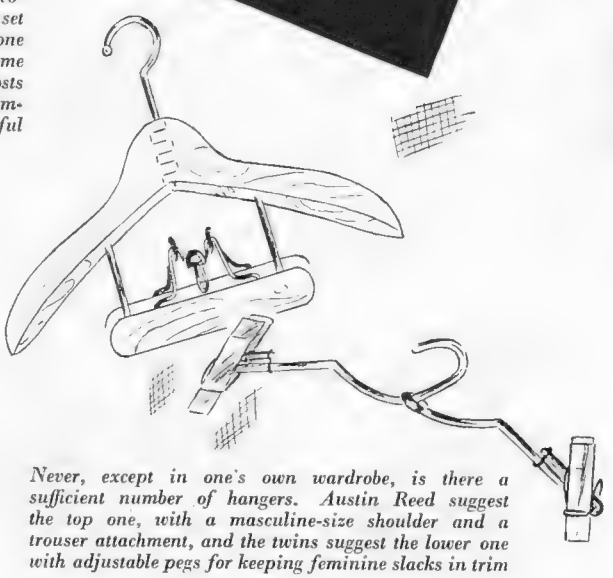
You won't have to tell him the virtues of Irish poplin—he's probably got a favourite page in the pattern book already. You can buy these crisp wrinkle-proof ties for him in enormous variety at Austin Reed of Regent Street, for 4s. 6d.

If you live in an air-conditioned building you won't know whether the sun is warm or is merely cloaking a cold wind. So Estelle Kelway (41, Craven Road, W.2) has a flapjack with a thermometer on the outside. Put it on your windowsill and find out the temperature before deciding what to wear. (21s. and 25s.)

Even women have to exert themselves to wear scarves neatly, so Austin Reed give the men a hand with these two-way scarf rings. They are set with a smooth round stone and cost 4s. 6d. The handsome foulard Paisley square costs 9s. 6d. in mild or medium-fierce colours—both delightful



Georg Jensen's exquisitely hand-wrought silver is known and recognised everywhere. The delicacy of design in this sweet-dish must be seen to be fully appreciated. The bracelet is a Jensen design, too, costing £3 3s 6d. Ask to see both at 15b. New Bond Street



Never, except in one's own wardrobe, is there a sufficient number of hangers. Austin Reed suggest the top one, with a masculine-size shoulder and a trouser attachment, and the twins suggest the lower one with adjustable pegs for keeping feminine slacks in trim

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

All Abroad for Experience

Girls' Championship Entry Form is on page iv.

Autumn Foursomes Entry Form appears next week.

THERE is no denying it. To play under fresh conditions is not only the salt of golfing life, but the very foundation of education, and anybody who has the chance to enter for foreign championships, even to play in an open meeting in the next county, and does not take it, is, to say the least, foolish.

That is the real value of the chase, from one Continental championship to another, which some of the British players have been pursuing this summer. To the winners the gain in experience means a great deal, for nobody wins any championship without acquiring an assurance, a poise, which stands them in good stead for the rest of their golfing life.

Miss Kathleen Garnham as Belgian champion, Miss Sheila Stroyan as Dutch for the third year running, are better players than if they had lost them, that is to say, if they take time to reflect just how they won, as opposed to the occasions on which they have failed to win. So is Mrs. Mills for going so far in the Belgian event, just as Miss Rosemary Powell, Miss Anne Heywood, and Miss Dix Perkin are for their successful adventures in the French, even though Madame Lacoste was too good for Miss Powell in the final of that.

Fresh courses, fresh opponents, a different atmosphere amongst the spectators, all add something to a golfer's mental make-up, which is quite undoubtedly of equal value to any new shots she may acquire.

MISS GARNHAM is one of the players who has consolidated her game to really good purpose this year. It is not merely that she is a very sound putter now, instead of a pretty bad one. She seems to be acquiring a much calmer outlook on each match, so that there is less fear of a sudden devastatingly bad shot cropping up amongst the good ones.

When a thoroughly experienced player, capable of hitting the ball as well as anybody, is yet liable to lapse, without apparent reason, into a shot of which a long-handicap player might be ashamed, the cause is nearly always mental, a form of what one might call dis-concentration, in other words, concentrating on the wrong object. Instead of thinking of the face of the club meeting the ball—which is the rock-bottom of any shot—the player is thinking " If I miss this shot I shall be four down," or " If I can get this near the pin my opponent might fluff hers." Or, more destructive still, " I must win this match or I shan't be asked to play for Mudshire again " ; or " If only I can win this championship, the Selection Committee *must* consider me."

Some critics even say that international matches have ruined the play of some, because all the time the possible choice is trying to impress the Selection Committee, instead of playing her own game. Be that as it may, thinking of too much is worse than not thinking at all, when it comes to hitting the ball, " Take care of the shot and the match will take care of itself " may be trite, but it is true.

One could, in fact, apply to golf many proverbs over the importance of seemingly small things, but having set out to discuss foreign travel, these might seem a trifle irrevelant. Broadening the golfing mind is the topic, not narrowing its range at the moment of hitting the ball.

THE real question of the moment is whether we dare hope that Miss Pam Barton will bring back the American championship again this year. Hers is a sporting attempt, perhaps even more so than in 1936, when she had all to gain and comparatively little to lose, since we had stupidly given up hope of beating the American golfers, and a lone venture appeared almost vain. Now that we know Miss Barton can make mincemeat of such pessimism, the disappointment will be the greater if she fails; equally so will the delight be doubled if she can succeed. We shall all keep a very thrilled eye upon Wee Burn, Noroton, Conn., from the 21st till the 26th of this month.

MISS BARTON is not the only adventurer there from this country. Our present Girl champion, Miss Sheila Stroyan, has just gone over in the Queen Mary, and if it is rather too much to ask anyone who has not won her own country's Close or Open to go and win the American, we do know that she is capable of rendering excellent account of herself, the more so since she has been under the inspiring eye of Fred Robson, at Addington.

The Girls' Championship will be strange without Miss Stroyan, though " too old at nineteen " is a common complaint. But an ex-holder is making a welcome re-appearance namely, Nancy Jupp, who had a meteoric win when aged thirteen in 1934, did no good in 1935, dropped the game until this year and now, judging by the scores she is doing, cannot be left out of the reckoning.

We arrive back where we started. Nancy Jupp did once win the Girls' Championship, and therefore, if my theory is right, comes back to Stoke with that little something the others haven't got. We shall see.

Belgian golf: *King Leopold presented Miss Kathleen Garnham with her cup when she won the Belgian Women's Championship by beating Mme. Meulemeester 5 and 4 in the 36-hole final. King Leopold himself played in the Men's Championship (won by the Australian, J. M. Bailleu), was beaten by Peter Clive in the second round*

American golf: *Sheila Stroyan, who holds the Dutch and the Girls' Championships, crossed in the Queen Mary to play in the American Championship at Wee Burn, Conn., which begins next Monday. Her brother Alan, who is at Eton, and her father, Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, have gone with her. She is nineteen, too old to play again in the Girls' Championship*

Scottish golf: *Careen Strickland, of Redholm, North Berwick, is playing golf on her home course, where the summer season is now well under way. She is a debutante, was presented at Court this year*

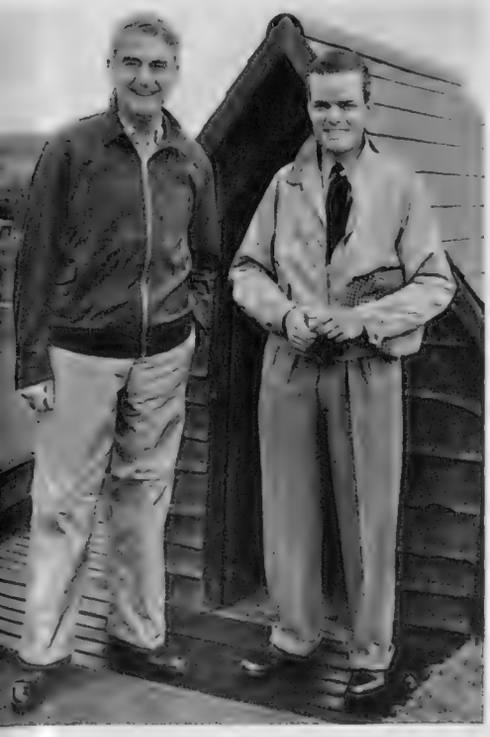
Debutante *Sybil Jennings was at Le Touquet with her mother, Mrs. Douglas Jennings. She shared her coming-out dance at the end of June with the two Milles-Lade girls, Diana and Isabel. She and her mother were photographed after walking up to the club-house from the Golf Hotel for afternoon exercise*

Foursome *at the second tee were two married couples—Mr. Guy Newman, Mr. Ronald Quilter, Mrs. Newman, and Mrs. Quilter. With them waited two friends, and behind them stood a selection of five caddies, the whole eleven suitably warmly dressed for the dreary, un-August-like Bank Holiday weather*

Dining *at the Restaurant de la Forêt in a big party which included her husband and his wife were Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Mr. Leonard Govett*

Midday *saw a certain number of enthusiasts around and in the swimming-pool. The three here are Miss Joan Drummond, Mrs. de Rougemont, Mrs. Michael Stratton*

A party *of four at the same restaurant included Mrs. Hart and Lord Auckland. Lady Auckland (who was Mrs. Hart Faure before her April wedding in Paris) was also there*



A wet day didn't stop Mr. Robert Sweeny, Sr., and his son, Charles, going out to play a morning round of golf together on the empty, rain-swept course

A fine day at last arrived for the finals of the Le Touquet polo season, but the soaked ground made the going very heavy and slow. Eight teams took part in the tournament, including a British Army composite team, the Dragonflies

Le Touquet Week-end

Golf and Polo Between the Showers

A couple from Kent playing golf together were Captain and Mrs. Ian Constable-Maxwell. They live near West Malling. She was Ian Ricardo before their marriage two years ago

Winners of the Prix du Phure, which Mme. A. Boudaram presented to them, were M. Mosselmans' Rousham Park team. As they stand — A. Budgett, A. Mosselmans, M. Budgett, P. Eyzaguirre. They beat the French team, Roubaix, by 9½ to 6, receiving 2½ goals

Winners of the Coupe des Hôtels were the Belgian team, Les Griffons, who beat the French Chevau-légers. In the group (right) are Captain J. S. Collings (umpire), captain of the Polo Club du Touquet, Vicomte de Jonghe, and H. Good, two Griffons, P. Davey (Chevau-légers), R. Janssen and Jack Traill, the other two Griffons, Mrs. Grenville Temple, and Colonel Derek Richardson (umpire)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

An Enormous Tournament

THE biggest golfing event of the year numerically, the national tournament for amateur golfers promoted by the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, was won this year by E. C. V. Wright, of Swaything, Hampshire, who, with a handicap of 17, returned cards of 72 and 78. This year, entries were received from no fewer than 1056 golf clubs, and totalled in the neighbourhood of 50,000. From this number, 72—36 from the senior division (handicaps 6 to 12) and 36 from the junior division (handicaps 13 to 18)—qualified in their various districts for the final day's play. The winner is a railway clerk, and has only been playing the game for about two years.

This tournament was first played in 1931, when W. Pendleton, handicap 18, of Cleveland, Yorkshire, won at Sandy Lodge with a total of 154. It is interesting to note that it has never been won by a man with a single-figure handicap. It has only twice been won by a member of the senior division, and on each occasion the winner had a handicap of 12, the highest handicap in this division. When the tournament was first played, the qualifiers played throughout the tournament on the handicaps on which they qualified, but after M. E. Rooke, of the Ulverston G.C., Lancashire, won at Wentworth in 1934, with scores of 65 and 68 from a handicap of 18, it was decided that those who qualified for the final day should play off their current handicaps.

This year B. Eaton, of Sandiway, a really delightful course on sandy soil in the midst of a district where the soil is heavy, started the season with a handicap of 9, but had to play in the final off the very meagre allowance of three strokes, an allowance which proved insufficient. C. F. Cotton, of Weston-super-Mare, where the BYSTANDER Trophy golf meeting has been held for the last two years, was unable to play in the final, and his place was taken by P. J. Jacobs, of the New Forest.

THERE have been many cases of men who have qualified at the last moment winning on the final day, and at one time it looked probable that Jacobs would add to the number, as he led the field on the West Course in the morning with a score of 75; in the end he had a disastrous finish, taking ten at the last hole, after taking five at the short seventeenth, and was then only five strokes behind the winner.

Wright's winning total of 150 was eleven shots worse than the winning total of 1938, when the tournament was played on the same courses, namely the West and the East at Wentworth. The high scoring was due to lack of run on the fairways, as there had been some rain at Wentworth, and also to the fact that the competitors had to play through thunderstorms with exceedingly heavy rain. The great John Henry Taylor presented the prizes, and in his address said that the prizes of to-day, both in professional and amateur events, were very much better and more valuable than they were when he was collecting prizes himself.

I MUST apologise for a misprint in my contribution to the BYSTANDER of August 2nd. Dr. Diemer Kool was referred to as Dr. Dreiner Kool. Dr. Diemer Kool is the secretary of the Kennemer Golf and Country Club at Zandvoort, in Holland, and is one of the most knowledgeable men on the subject of turf for golf courses and its treatment. The golf course at Zandvoort was constructed on sand dune country, which is, of course, the best type of land for the game, but unfortunately it nearly always lacks top-soil, and consequently the production of good turf on it is always a difficult matter. In spite of the shortage of good top-soil, at Zandvoort Dr. Diemer Kool produced perfect putting greens within a very short time of the completion of the construction of the course. He has also invented several ingenious implements and machines to make greenkeeping a slightly less difficult proposition.

EVERYONE must realise, after his performances in the Belgian Amateur Championship, that the King of the Belgians is a really good golfer. He is also a terribly keen player, and practises very hard on his private course at Laeken, Brussels, which, although it has no bunkers, is great fun, and very interesting to play, owing to the way trees have been used as hazards. One of the former Kings of the Belgians disliked having to drive to the railway station when he wished to travel, so he decided that the train should come to him, and had a railway track laid, which allowed the trains to start from under the Palace itself. A successor did not like trains under his palace, and thus the deep cutting through which the trains used to enter the basement of the palace now forms a very fine natural hazard on the golf course of the present King, which is cleverly brought into play at several holes. When I played at Laeken a few years ago, there were only seven putting greens on the golf course, but by playing from different tees, eighteen holes could be played, which varied in length from 125 yards to 540 yards. On his unadvertised visits to this country, the King of the Belgians nearly always plays as much golf as he possibly can in the time at his disposal, and has played with such distinguished golfers as Sir Harold Gillies, Alfred Padgham, Arthur Lacey, and other good players. I have seen him arrive at an English golf club in a baby motor-car, a mode of transport which is not often favoured by kings, but one which allowed him to arrive unheralded, and to play in comfort without a crowd watching him.

After the Belgian Amateur Golf Championships this year, the King presented the prizes. J. M. Bailleu, of Australia, who played for Oxford University a few years ago, beat W. Storms of Belgium, in the final of the Men's Championship, and Miss Kathleen Garnham defeated Mme. J. de Meulemeester who is Storm's sister, in the final of the Ladies' Championship. It was very unfortunate that the year Roger Wethered won the Amateur Championship was one of the few occasions when his sister did not win the Ladies' Amateur Championship.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

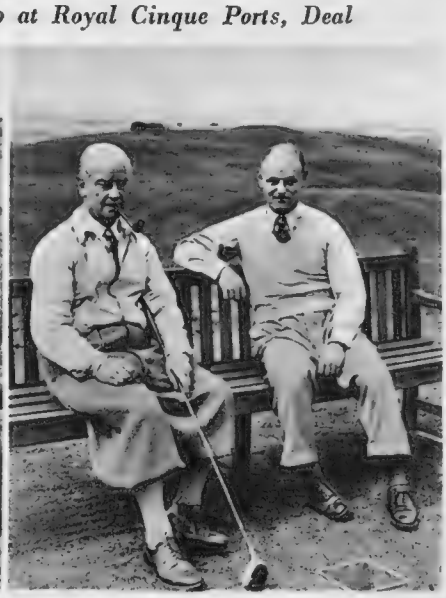
.....

The Lord Reading Cup at Royal Cinque Ports, Deal

C. A. Hue Williams, a scratch left-handed player of the home club, won the Lord Reading Cup at the Royal Cinque Ports Club by beating a fellow-member, Neylan

P. S. Neylan, handicap 4, was Hue Williams's victim in the Lord Reading Cup final. He was behind from the start and lost by 9 and 8

C. L. Donovan returned 80—4—76 in the qualifying round; Lionel Munn, the holder, a plus two player, returned 75, reached the semi-final to lose by a hole to the new cup-holder, Hue Williams



Waiting at the seventeenth tee are Tristan Beresford, K.C., and K. F. McAlpin. The latter, who plays from handicap 4, lost in the semi-final round by 3 and 2 to the runner-up, Neylan

Hips—Hips—Hooray!

As pants the hart, etc., so does the weary advertising man long for the return of warm weather. For he can then happily incorporate a pretty girl in a bathing suit in every form of advertisement; it being well-known that the Great British Public dearly love to gaze upon such sights. Though we of Abdulla sympathize with this point of view, we feel that an array of straight facts can sometimes act as a refreshing antidote to an overdose of curves. So here are some straight facts. Oriental tobacco is the most delicately flavoured in the world. Abdullas are always offered the first pick of the whole Oriental tobacco crop. *Ergo* Abdullas make the most delicately flavoured cigarettes, and this fact is admitted by smokers in the Orient itself. Incidentally, Abdulla smokers help to tilt the balance of trade in the right direction owing to the British agreement with Greece.

Try our No. 11. Twenty for 2s. 6d., and you can get them anywhere. One will convince you of the truth of our slogan . . .

Abdullas for choice

The Northamptonshire Yeomanry forms part of the 20th Light Armoured Brigade. It is the first regiment in that brigade, as well as in its county, to have doubled its numbers to war strength. In this group of officers are: (l. to r.) (back row) Lord Clifton (K.D.G.s), Lieut. J. C. Kaye, M.M., Lieut. A. C. S. Delmege (K.D.G.s), Captain A. E. Henson, 2/Lieut. D. Fraser, Captain J. J. Myles (R.A.M.C.), 2/Lieut. H. C. M. Stockdale, Lieut. Lord Wimborne, Lieut. D. G. Bevan, Major J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, Captain W. A. Howkins, Lieut. S. Cayzer, Captain F. H. Harris, 2/Lieut. H. A. Crofts, 2/Lieut. R. Sheffield, 2/Lieut. J. Hobson, 2/Lieut. A. Robinson, 2/Lieut. F. B. Newbould, 2/Lieut. R. Grant-Lawson, Lieut. W. R. T. Wingfield, 2/Lieut. the Hon. P. Brassey, Captain J. W. Pennington, Lieut. Lord Nunburnholme, Major P. de L. Cazenove, Major B. Falkner, Lieut. L. A. Morrison; (second row) Captain Peter Wiggin (Adjutant), Major D. Forster, Major L. H. Cox, Col. R. M. Raynsford (Secretary, Northamptonshire T.A. Association), Lieut.-Col. A. F. G. Renton, O.B.E., M.C., Brig. E. Fanshawe, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. M. Pelham, Major-General Sir Hereward Wake, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Chairman, Northants. T.A. Association), Major N. V. Stopford-Sackville, Major Bache Hay, Major R. L. Agnew, Captain R. P. P. Smyly (Adjutant); (on ground) 2/Lieut. P. G. Roberts, 2/Lieut. G. O. Sowels, 2/Lieut. Lord Suirdale, 2/Lieut. J. D. Profumo, 2/Lieut. H. V. Phelps, Captain P. F. H. Wykeham, Captain P. Butler-Henderson, 2/Lieut. P. W. Phipps, 2/Lieut. H. S. Bourne, the Rev. E. T. Lang

In Camp

The Northamptonshire Yeomanry at Houghton Down

Prospective M.P.s

Two prospective M.P.s in camp at Houghton Down are Lieut. Jack Profumo and Major Richard Agnew. The former has been nominated for Kettering, the latter for Nuneaton

Instructions

This military scene under an English August sky shows officers and N.C.O.'s noting instructions for the day's manœuvres from Colonel Renton, Commanding Officer

In the Mess

After a day's manœuvres comes restoration and relaxation in the upholstered luxury of the officers' mess. This group is Reggie Sheffield, M. Stockdale, D. G. Bevan, S. Cayzer, P. Butler-Henderson and F. Newbould. On the left, Colonel Renton, the C.O., gives instructions to Captain Peter Wiggin, during a "war" with the 1st Light Armoured Brigade

Temporary Headquarters

His Lordship's Tent

Photographs by Swaebe

"Where's Master?"

. . . . With friends, enjoying a "BLACK & WHITE", the popular blend of rare old Scotch Whisky that relieves fatigue and renews energy.
"BLACK & WHITE" is a most effective stimulant in these days of stress. Be sure to ask for it by name—

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

C.J.L. (4)

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The Sunbeam-Talbot "Ten": Mr. Hess writes of it this week

A NUMBER of manufacturers have already revealed their plans for 1940, and several interesting new models are announced. Two come in classes for which Sir John Simon's little Budget surprise has assured an increasing demand. These are the new open sports two-seater Sunbeam-Talbot "Ten," which will sell at £248, and the new B.S.A. "Scout" drophead coupé at £195.

The Sunbeam-Talbot has a 1185-c.c. side-valve engine, with a new type of carburettor, and this power-unit is said to develop more than 40 b.h.p. at 4500 revs. While the performance of this little car has always been notably refined, it is claimed that the still greater silencing of the transmission throughout has added yet further to its sweetness. Other Sunbeam-Talbot "Ten" models are the tourer, at £248, the saloon, at £265, and the drophead foursome coupé, at £285.

The B.S.A. newcomer is mounted on the well-tried and highly satisfactory B.S.A. "Scout" chassis, which incorporates front-wheel drive, allowing a remote control gear-lever to be fitted on the dash-board, and the absence of any shaft-tunnel, leaving the driving compartment floor entirely free from obstruction, enabling the driver to leave the car with ease from either side. The space behind the seats is all luggage-room.

The new drophead coupé two-seater body looks exceedingly smart. The two doors are large, and are fitted with winding windows, so that, with the drophead down, driver and passenger can be entirely sheltered from wind. On the other hand, the car can be run completely open with only the windscreen for protection. The head folds down flush with the waist-line, to give a neat open-car appearance, and exceptionally good visibility for reversing. It can be folded down in a matter of seconds, it being necessary only to unscrew two finger-nuts on the windscreen and "break" the quarter-irons. The head then pushes back neatly, and a cover can be brought forward to encase it and cover the tonneau.

OF recent years, no make of car has enjoyed a greater volume of appreciative criticism—alike from those who actually possess them and from those who only wish they did!—than the S.S. Very wisely, the S.S. Company has decided not to depart from its highly successful design during 1940, but rather to perfect the existing range. Thus, the 3½-litre, 2½-litre and 1½-litre "Jaguar" range is continued, but with detail improvements such as an air-conditioning system incorporating a de-froster and de-mister, which, it is claimed, not only provides increased comfort for driver and passengers, but affords additional safety.

Another refinement on the 1940 S.S. range is a new type of universally adjustable front seat, which, in addition to the normal fore-and-aft movement, can be raised, lowered, and tilted. Thus, in conjunction with the adjustable steering-wheel, a driver can adjust his seating position with almost mathematical exactitude, and to a degree best suited to his own physical requirements. Tall drivers with short legs, and short drivers with long legs will find this infinitely variable adjustment of great advantage; whilst many women drivers—hitherto compelled to resort to the use of cushions—will regard it as a boon.

The full range of S.S. cars for 1940 is as follows: 3½-litre saloon, £445; 3½-litre drophead coupé, £465; 2½-litre saloon, £395; 2½-litre drophead coupé, £415; 1½-litre saloon, £298; 1½-litre drophead coupé, £318; 1½-litre saloon (special equipment model), £318; 1½-litre drophead coupé (special equipment model), £338; 3½-litre open two-seater, £445; 2½-litre open two-seater, £395.

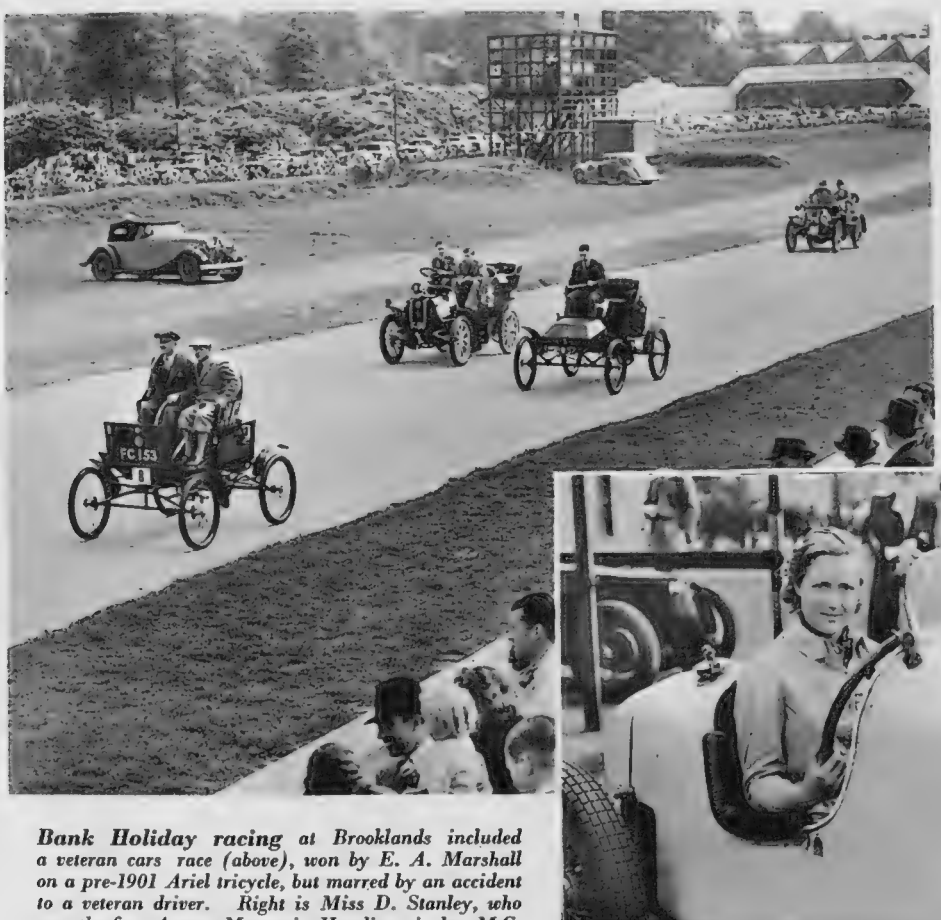
FOR the benefit of those motorists who may be holiday-touring in France during the next few weeks, I give below a number of translations of common French road-signs. As the source of inspiration in this particular is *Lucas Reflections*, I hereby acknowledge that excellent "house-organ" of Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., lamp-makers in extraordinary to the British motor industry.

Arrêt — Stop; Attention — Take care; Croisement de routes—Cross-roads; Défense de doubler—Overtaking forbidden; Défense de stationner—No parking allowed; École—School; Impasse—No issue; Marchez au pas—Proceed at walking pace; Passage à niveau—Level-crossing; Poste de secours—First-aid station; Ralentir—Go slowly; Sens interdit—No passage; Sens unique—One way only; Tenez votre droite—Keep to the right; Tournant dangereux—Dangerous turn; Vitesse—Speed (with allowed speed in kilometres indicated); Voie barrée—No thoroughfare.

IT is ironical that the county with the most marked anti-motorist bias, so far as its police courts go, should also be the county in which the vast majority of British cars are made! Warwickshire, which embraces both Coventry and Birmingham, has long had an unenviable reputation for the persecution it metes out to car-drivers. During last year, it certainly did not relax its unwelcome attentions, for a recent report reveals that each member of Warwickshire's police force averaged 38·6 prosecutions during the twelve months, compared with 7·3 in the rest of England and Wales. It need hardly be added that by far the greatest proportion of these prosecutions affected motorists.

Something was once written about "biting the hand that feeds you . . ."

AT the time of writing, thirty-three entries have been received for the T.T. to be run at Donington on September 2nd. In addition to the twenty-nine entries previously announced, additional nominations have now been received from the following: A. P. R. Rolt, Aston-Martin 1990 c.c.; Petre Cristea (Roumania), B.M.W., 1971 c.c.; Count Lurani (Italy), Lancia, 1380 c.c.; and Werner Hillegaart (Germany), H. R. G., 1497 c.c.



***Bank Holiday racing** at Brooklands included a veteran cars race (above), won by E. A. Marshall on a pre-1901 Ariel tricycle, but marred by an accident to a veteran driver. Right is Miss D. Stanley, who won the first August Mountain Handicap in her M.G.*

The CHAIRMAN OF THE BANK and the COMMODORE OF THE YACHT CLUB share the same motor car

THEY happen to be the same person but, as motorists, their needs are very different. And the Wolseley "Super Six" is their liaison officer. In Cornhill it is the handsome, imposing town carriage whose graceful lines have three times been awarded Europe's premier coachwork award. On the Portsmouth Road, bow pointed towards the Solent, it is a swift and powerful touring car — quiet and distinguished but nevertheless, a gentleman in a hurry.

No other car combines so effectively in one wheelbase or at so reasonable a price the varying needs of an important man of affairs.

WOLSELEY

The Wolseley 25 h.p. "Super Six" Limousine is priced at £775

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Longleys

The Man Who Risked Everything

(Continued from page 256)

that lay there ; the street's sheltered silence from the roar of Piccadilly, only a stone's throw away.

" Suite forty-nine," he said to the liftboy.

" Of course, sir."

She was a tall, cool blonde with a straight, calm gaze that did not show the calculation that went on inside her brain. Very good-looking, of course. Without showing any particular emotion, she loved the touch of furs against her shoulders ; the cool feel of white pearls against her throat. He was even pleased that he had a rival. It gave an edge to his desire. And now, at last, to-night he knew he would win her.

Very calmly he announced, " Everything 's all right now, my dear."

She said nothing, but looked at him rather a long time. She noted something different about the calmness with which he said these words. He was completely self-assured.

Then his enthusiasm got the better of him. He seized her shoulders and, smiling brilliantly into her eyes, he said : " The world is ours to-day ! to-day ! to-day ! I 've done it ! I haven't told you before because I might never have pulled it off. But my balance at the bank stands now at nine thousand pounds. To-morrow I 'm going to buy half of Ferdie Esterhazy's club rooms, and we 've got an income for life ! "

She lifted her eyebrows and squeezed his arm. " Dear boy," she said.

Then he realised that Mainwaring had already proposed to her. For a moment he was uncertain of himself. Then it came to him sharply : Mainwaring had proposed to her. Very good—she had accepted. Excellent ! She was one of these strange women who usually kept her word. Fine ! There was only one thing to do : He knew that she loved him. He had come a day late, but he would win her back. He would speak to her. He would urge her. God ! He hadn't risked his neck systematically eighteen times for her, to be turned away because of a formality ! It was only for her that he took his life in his hands time and again, as a gambler stakes all his winnings at every throw, until he either wins the world or destroys himself. It was only for her, only for her.

He slipped his arms round her cool, smooth shoulders. He tightened his embrace until she could barely breathe. " You needn't look at me like that," he said, and there was a fire in his soft voice. " You can't get out of this grip, darling ; you know you can't. Why try ? "

She said nothing.

" You know you love me."

She looked at him perplexedly.

" Good God ! " he said between his teeth. " I had death shouting at me to-day ! " He shook her. He smiled and shook her again. " Death, do you hear ? And love ! " he exclaimed. " The sky shouted love and death," he said between his teeth, smiling at her.

Her glance began to waver.

" You know you love me," he pursued. " You know it ! "

She began to smile, too.

" You gave your word to Mainwaring, but what is your word ? I 've risked my life ! "

Her look softened.

A haze of tenderness began to gather in his eyes. He felt his heart leaping up.

She raised her face slowly. Her glance dropped a moment smilingly, invitingly.

Eagerly he began to caress her back, her neck, her cheek. " My darling——" he whispered.

" Yes, dear ? "

" You 're mine."

" Am I ? " The question no longer had any purpose. It was the last formal word of resistance before acceptance.

He bent down and held her warmly to him, his lips against her ear. " You know you're mine."

" Do I ? " Her arms began to slip round his waist. " I wonder . . . . " she said.

" Darling," he said a little sharply. " Have you got a cold ? "

" M'm, yes. I have a little."

A momentary stiffening. This was the crucial moment when she would seal her acceptance with a kiss. But no doubt if he just went on whispering in her ear, that would serve the purpose equally well. Should he discard all fear of catching an unpleasant chill and kiss her ? He hesitated.

Suddenly her arms stopped circling his waist.

How delicate were a woman's reactions ! He was startled to the depths to realise that her sensitive intuition felt his hesitation—holding him in her arms she was a wonderfully sensitive instrument attuned to his slightest feeling. That merest hestitation, that momentary stiffening of his body as he withdrew from her involuntarily—in order not to catch a cold. She realised it plainly.

" Darling ! " His voice was full of urgency . . . but already she was pushing him away.

" Listen—we can go away—to Italy—Greece——" His appeal was frantic. But she had already disengaged herself. The time had gone.

He went on speaking—he was full of loving words, but, very soon, his voice began to sound flat. She did not heed what he said. He became tongue-tied, overcome by his feeling. How could he explain . . . what could he explain. . . . Brokenly, automatically he began to plead. She was as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. Her will was indomitable. She had promised Mainwaring. . . .

Suddenly Clifford knew it was all over. He clasped his hands to his ears with the same gesture that he had made in the plane that afternoon when he thought he had felt the whole world falling to pieces about him.

THE END.

LONGEST JUMP. 26 feet 8¼ inches.

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The Sportsman's

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PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING

A HA'PORTH OF TAR

"Steward, there's tar on my dinner jacket."

"Yessir. Off the rigging, Sir. We told you it was wet, Sir, but you wouldn't take no notice. Up you went like a two-year-old."

"I see. And what did I do next?"

"You sang some songs, Sir. Greatly appreciated they was. Some of the crew asked me if you'd be so good as to write out the words."

"I'll have to think about that, Steward. So altogether it was a pretty matey night?"

"There's been nothing like it on the Western Ocean, Sir, since the good old days of Prohibition. All the other gentlemen are confined to their bunks, Sir. They say it was the lobster mayonnaise."

"Lobster grandmother! Why didn't they stick to gin and Rose's as I did? I haven't got a hangover."

"You're not the first gentleman I've heard say that about Rose's Lime Juice. Not by a long chalk."

"Good. And now I think I could do with an eye-opener—a nice stiff gin and Rose's. I suppose the sun is over the yardarm?"

"Sir, the sun is permanently over the yardarm on the Western Ocean."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S.

Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

What do you mean 'SUPER-FATTED'?

Super-fatted in shaving means the difference between approaching the morning shave like a bull at a gate (or a bear with a sore head) and sailing blithely through the stubble like a speculator on a rising market. Invest in Gibbs Super-fatted Shaving Cream to-day, and see the difference super-fatting makes. You get a rich creamy lather which stays moist, enables you to have a really clean shave, and leaves your skin soft, cool and refreshed.

Ah! Now I see!

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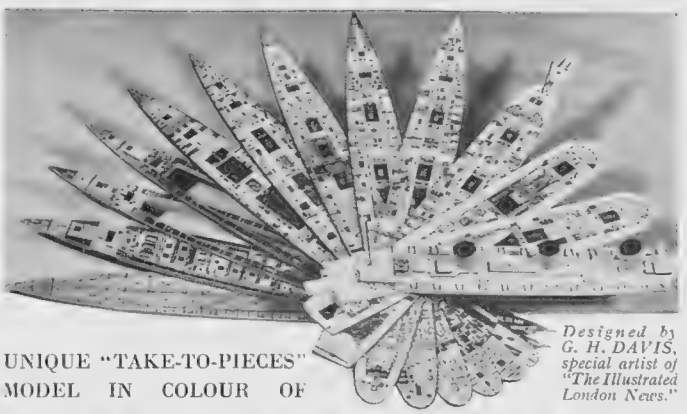

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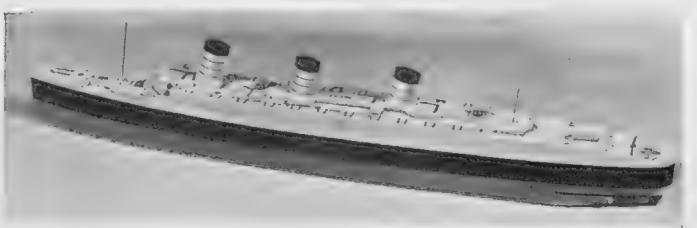

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

July Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. E. Lawson	South Shields	80	14	66	76	10 below
Miss E. Mitchell	Lowestoft	83	17	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. W. White	Murrayfield	83	18	65	73	8 ,,
Mrs. C. L. Mawer	Stanmore	79	12	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. J. J. Sloss	Ormskirk	80	13	67	74	7 ,,
Miss E. Cox	Old Fold Manor	82	14	68	75	7 ,,
Miss R. Eastick	Lowestoft	82	13	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. F. Roberts	Shirley Park	82	15	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. V. D. Whitty	Beeston Fields	82	15	67	73	6 ,,
Miss A. Imber	Belton Park	83	16	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. M. Scholes	Stand	83	16	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. E. A. Aspdin	Derbyshire	87	17	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. V. Adams	Woodcote Park	87	18	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. Gibson	Macclesfield	84	18	66	72	6 below
Mrs. E. M. Hunter	Murrayfield	80	12	68	73	5 ,,
Miss Gore	Huyton	81	13	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. E. I. Atkinson	Scarborough	81	13	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. O. Blake	Great Yarmouth	86	16	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. C. W. Williamson	Aberdeen	80	16	64	69	5 ,,
Mrs. Hutchinson	Beverley	86	17	69	73	4 ,,
Miss V. Jennings	Cooden Beach	72	+1	73	76	3 ,,
Miss M. R. Greaves	Beaconsfield	78	6	72	75	3 ,,
Miss B. Stead	Camberley Heath	81	11	70	73	3 ,,
Miss Fitcroft	Eastbourne Downs	80	12	68	71	3 ,,
Miss M. A. Weizar	Llangollen	84	15	69	72	3 ,,
Mrs. H. Scott	Thonock	85	17	68	71	3 ,,
Mrs. Fawdry	Burhill (Old)	88	18	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Whitworth	Eastbourne Downs	86	18	68	71	3 ,,
Mrs. J. A. Shore	Longniddry	82	7	75	77	2 ,,
Miss C. Toulmin	Old Fold Manor	84	11	73	75	2 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. J. Pumfrey	Seacroft	101	36	65	79	14 below
Miss M. Neeson	Marple	92	31	61	74	13 ,,
Mrs. J. Ashworth	Derbyshire	94	30	64	76	12 ,,
Mrs. Hyde	Caldy	100	36	64	76	12 ,,
Mrs. Colny	Southampton	96	32	64	75	11 ,,
Mrs. R. Peat	Aston Wood	99	34	65	76	11 ,,
Mrs. Adam	Royal Musselburgh	98	34	64	75	11 ,,
Mrs. C. Jellinek	Radyr	97	36	61	72	11 ,,
Mrs. Topley	Woodcote Park	88	23	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. H. M. Crombie	Deeside	88	24	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. A. E. Sanders	Shooters Hill	87	25	62	72	10 ,,
Miss J. M. Chadwick	Mere	96	31	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. R. West	Gorleston-on-Sea	98	34	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. E. M. Elcombe	Pinner Hill	101	35	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. M. Charlton	Bowdon	85	19	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. L. Wilkinson	Cuddington	94	27	67	76	9 ,,
Miss D. Griffiths	Kingsthorpe	94	29	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. Cary	Chevin	95	32	63	72	9 ,,
Mrs. Josling	Pollards Hill	95	33	62	71	9 ,,
Mrs. M. Elkington	Ashford Manor	103	36	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. O. Lamb	Hazel Grove	84	19	65	73	8 ,,
Miss Brockman	Belfairs	85	22	63	71	8 ,,
Mrs. E. J. Andrews	Mere	96	29	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. S. G. Ball	Sutton Coldfield	97	30	67	75	8 ,,
Miss J. Barrett	Shooters Hill	94	30	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. D. M. Williams	Llangollen	96	32	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. R. M. Thompson	Leamington	98	34	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. K. E. Williams	Beckenham	103	36	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. E. M. Dean	Oakdale	102	36	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. MacConnal	Oakdale	86	19	67	74	7 ,,

The "Bystander" GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (21st Year)

HOLDER: SHEILA STROYAN

Scratch Match Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 13th, 14th and 15th. No Qualifying Round.

September 11th—International Match, Scotland *v.* England.

September 12th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 15th, 1939.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting-list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday August 25th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears on the right.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th and 15th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

The two semi-finalists, 1938, and six next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

A *Consolation Tournament* will be held on the 14th and the morning of 15th for the *eight youngest competitors* who have been beaten in the first or second rounds. Prizes to the winner and runner-up.

A *Scratch Bogey Competition* for the Craig Challenge Cup will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland *v.* England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 11th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green fee of 3s. 6d.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

SCOTLAND *v.* ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1939, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s per day

FARNHAM COMMON HOTEL, 10s. 6d. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

21st Year.

Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th and 15th, 1939.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, August 25th.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No......

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

{*and should like *but should not like} to play if chosen.

*Cross out whichever does not apply.

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- **SO FRIENDLY**
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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Pinckney

Is being married in Cumberland on September 2nd to Stephen Bowen Waldron, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waldron, of Ormonde House, Newbury, Berks. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Pinckney, of the Mount, Cockermouth, Cumberland

Fayer

Patricia Drake

Is engaged to Capt. Archibald Duncan Stewart, the Black Watch, only son of Col. and Mrs. W. A. Stewart, of Pentlow Hall, Cavendish, Suffolk. Her parents are Major and Mrs. J. Hughes Drake, of 8, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, and Inshriach, Aviemore

Lenare

Patricia Beryl Robertson

Is engaged to William Alfred Morris, 12th Royal Lancers, son of A. W. J. Morris, of Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Morris. She is the daughter of W. R. Robertson, of Eastbourne, and Mrs. B. C. Lester, of Cranbrook House, Aldershot, Hants.

Kay Vaughan

Betty Laurie

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon H. St. B. Laurie, of Nunhayes, Cuddington, Bucks. She is engaged to Henry Laurence St. George Carey, elder son of the late H. P. St. George Carey, and Mrs. Carey, of 21, Robert Adam Street, W.1

Pott — Shaw

Richard Holliday Pott and Catherine Shaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Shaw, of Tenandry, Killiecrankie, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street. Her father is M.P. for Angus. The bridegroom is the son of the late J. Hallings Pott, and Mrs. Pott, King's Mead Cottage, Seaford

John Anthony Bucknill, elder son of the late Thomas Bucknill, and Mrs. Bucknill, of 4, Hill Street, W.1, and Isobel Margaret Dent, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dent, and niece of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. R. Dent, of Olivers, Painswick, Glos., were married at Painswick

Bucknill — Dent

Balfour — Forrester

Lieut. G. Ian M. Balfour, R.N., son of the late Dr. T. Stevenson Balfour, and Mrs. Balfour, of Georgeham, N. Devon, and Pamela Forrester, daughter of Major Hugh C. Forrester, of Tullibody House, Cambus, Alloa, and the late Mrs. Forrester, were married at St. Mungo's, Alloa

Slater — Murdoch

Richard M. K. Slater, youngest son of S. H. Slater, of Keene House, Guildford, and Mrs. Amyas Borton, of Cheveney, Yalding, Kent, and Barbara Janet Murdoch, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Clive Murdoch, of Westerhill, Linton, Kent, were married at St. Nicholas's, Linton

Blake — Cardale

Major Desmond O'Brien E. ffrench Blake, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, of Davenham Lodge, Northwich, Cheshire, son of the late Rev. Robert and Mrs. ffrench Blake, of Staple, Kent, and Elizabeth Iris Cardale, daughter of the late W. H. Cardale, and Mrs. Cardale, of 4, Berkeley Gardens, W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Brown — Bairstow

George Stanley Brown and Nancy Elizabeth Bairstow, only daughter of Sir Edward Bairstow, the well-known Yorkshire conductor, and Lady Bairstow, of 1, Minster Court, York, were married at York Minster. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, of Lucknow, Rickmansworth, Herts.

Lanyon — Nixon

Lieut.-Com. Norman Lanyon, R.N., son of Paymaster Admiral Lanyon, of Culvers, Saltash, and the late Mrs. Lanyon, and Bridget Nixon, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Fergus B. Nixon, of Ellerslie, Cattistock, Dorset, were married at St. Peter and St. Paul's, Cattistock

Hunter — Verstone

Muir Vane Skerrett Hunter and Dorothy Verstone, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Eason Verstone, of 61, Fitzgeorge Avenue, W.14, were married at Our Lady of Victories Church, Kensington. Mr. Hunter, barrister and prospective Parliamentary candidate for East Hants., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hunter, of Notting Hill Gate

Verschoyle — Scott-James

Derek Hugo Verschoyle, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Denham Verschoyle, of Tanrago House, Co. Mayo, and Anne Scott-James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Scott-James, of 36, Chepstow Place, W., and the Forge, Upper Basildon, Berks., were married at Chelsea register office

Woosnam-Jones — Dalton

Sq.-Leader the Rev. W. E. Woosnam-Jones, Chaplain of the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, and Muriel Cameron Haynes Dalton were married at St. Bridget's, Dyserth, North Wales. She is the daughter of the late John Dalton, formerly Recorder of Wolverhampton

Aglen — Clerk Rattray

Edward Francis Aglen, son of the late Sir Francis and Lady Aglen, and Persis Mary Clerk Rattray, daughter of the late Colonel Clerk Rattray, and Mrs. Clerk Rattray, of Craighall-Rattray, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, were married at St. John's Kirk of Perth

Swayne — Blenkin

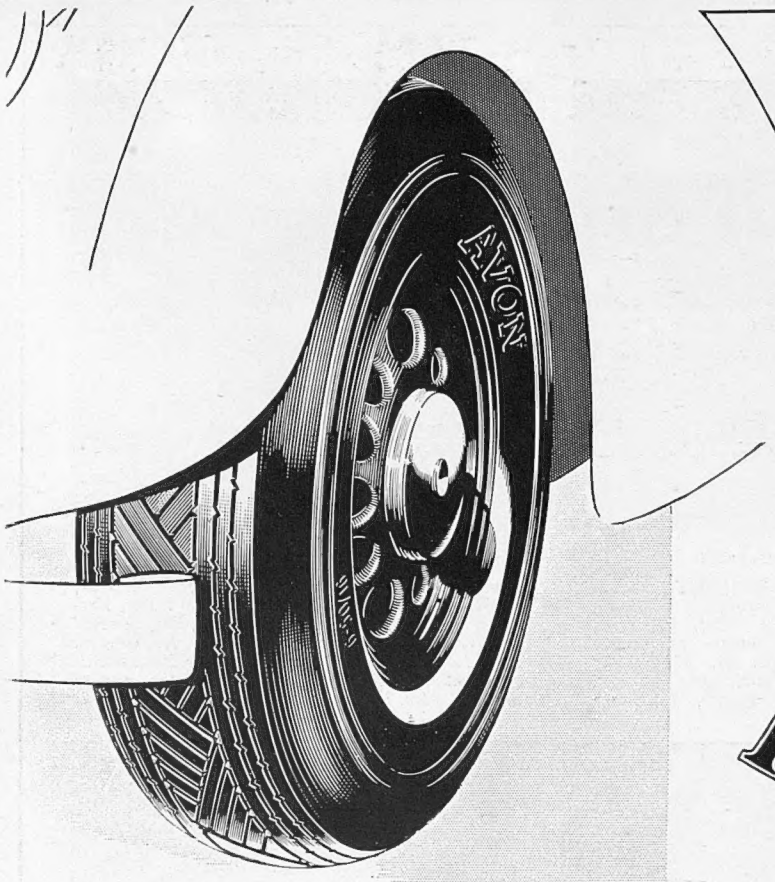
Denys Harald Swayne, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. O. R. Swayne, of Tillington Court, Hereford, and Katherine Margaret Blenkin, daughter of the late Very Rev. G. W. Blenkin, former Dean of St. Albans, and Mrs. Blenkin, of Wolfes Row, Limpsfield, Surrey, were married at St. Albans Abbey

Braekstad — Walter

Halvard J. Braekstad and Evelyn Dora Walter were married at All Saints', Tacolneston. He is the son of the late H. L. Braekstad, of Trondhjem, Norway, and Mrs. Braekstad, of Aylesbury. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Walter, of Tacolneston Hall, Norwich

Thomson — Townsend-Rose

Ronald Roumieu Thomson, elder son of Major and Mrs. A. D. Thomson, of Nenthorn, Kelso, Roxburghshire, and Marion Elizabeth Townsend-Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Townsend-Rose, of Bursledon Towers, Hants., were married at West End Church, Bursledon, Hants.



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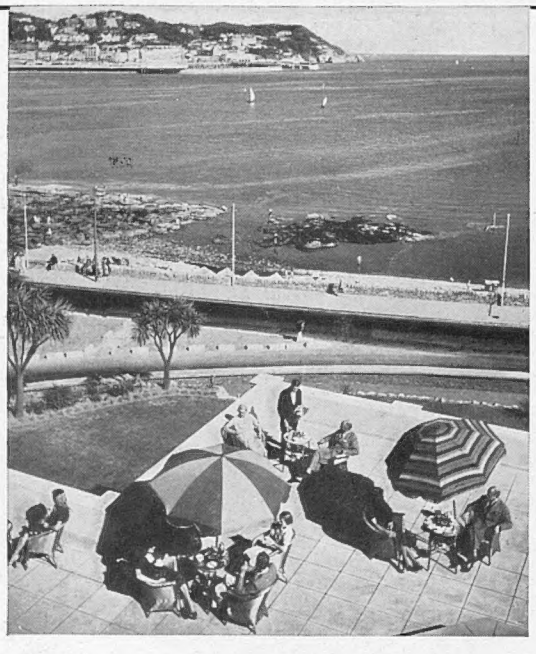

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